YANK

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By the men . . . for the men in the service

The New Zealanders Move Into Green Island

STORY WITH SKETCHES ON PAGE 8

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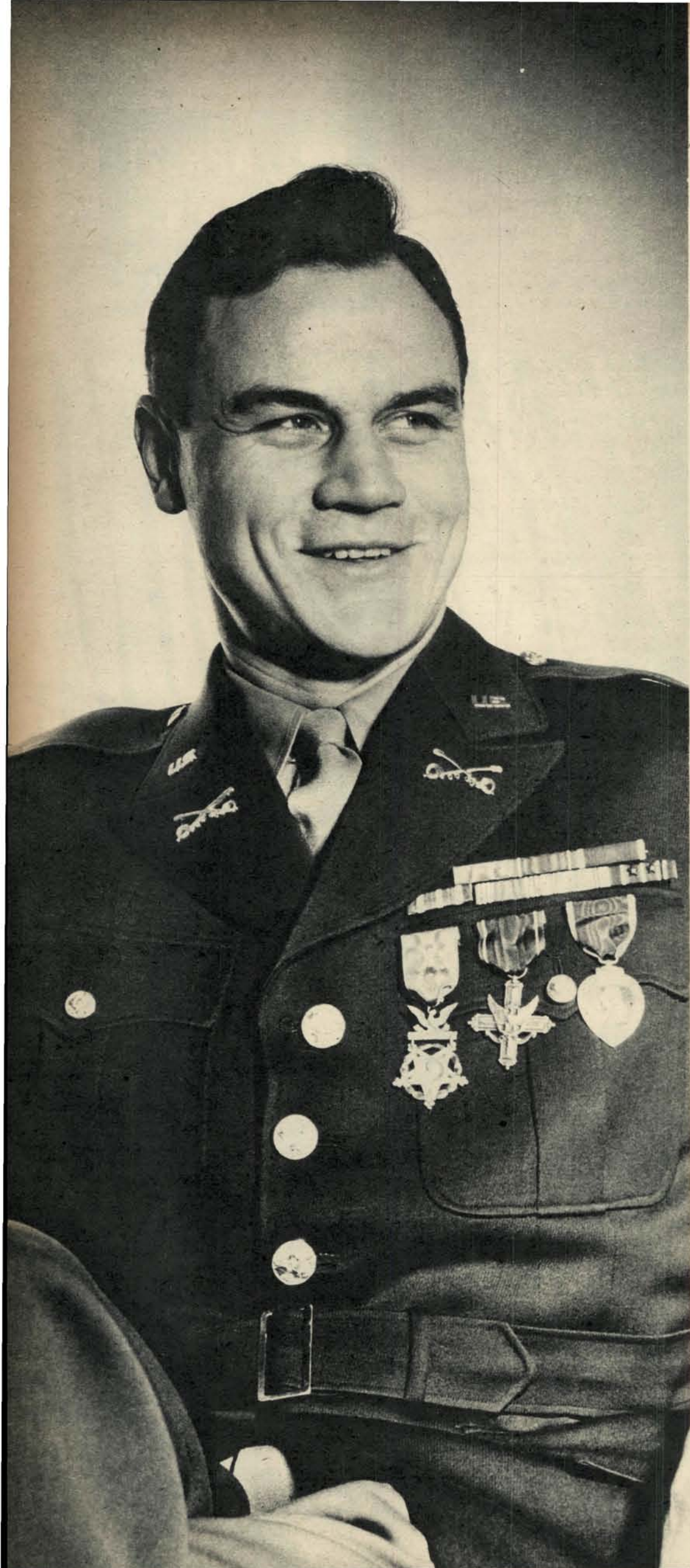

KISTERS

Lt. Gerry Kisters, the first soldier in the war to receive both the DSC and Medal of Honor, sweated out 22 months in this Army before he made corporal.

By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Writer

LOUISVILLE, KY.—The only American soldier who has won both the Medal of Honor and the Distinguished Service Cross so far in this war is Gerry (Just 'H') Kisters, a cavalryman from Bloomington, Ind. He picked them up in the Tunisian and Sicilian campaigns along with seven sniper holes in his arms and legs, a Purple Heart and a field commission as a second lieutenant.

Like T/Sgt. Charles Kelly, the hero of Altavilla, Lt. Kisters waited a long time in this Army before he made corporal: 22 months, to be exact. He also waited a long time before he was awarded his medal and his cross and his commission.

In May 1943, Kisters was a corporal in a reconnaissance outfit that was closing in on the crumbling Afrika Korps between Mateur and Ferryville in Tunisia with the 9th Division on its left and the 34th on the right. His patrol had covered 25 miles that day and was barreling along with Kisters' half-track on the point. The point came to a rise and the corporal—who was in charge, filling in for a gun-shy staff sergeant—got out to investigate. He found two enemy vehicles on the road beyond the rise and a battery of 88s in action off the road to the right.

Creeping up to the vehicles under small-arms fire, he found two Germans in a culvert under the road. He got one with a grenade and the other with his M1. It was somewhat like Sgt. York's turkey-gobble deal, without the gobble. "I just happened to be looking right at one of them when he showed his head," Kisters says.

Then he crawled to the nearest 88 and put it out of action with a grenade, killing three more Germans. He was planning to get the other guns, when our artillery ranged in and took care of them. The next day he and his outfit were in Bizerte.

Somebody said then that Kisters was going to get a Distinguished Service Cross. But he didn't.

Then he made staff and went to Sicily. On June 31, he was on the point again leading three jeeps ahead of the main body on a reconnaissance patrol when they were stopped by a blasted-out crater in the road. Kisters and Lt. Orsell C. Price Jr., of Jamestown, N. Y., went up to look over the high ground commanding the road. They practically stepped on a German machine-gun nest and captured the crew before it realized what had happened.

Then another machine gun, higher on the slope, opened fire on them. Kisters left Lt. Price with a tommy gun to guard the prisoners—"He was a new man" Gerry explains—and took off with a carbine to get the second machine-gun crew.

Crawling half of the 60 feet to the German gun position, Kisters was hit three times in each leg by snipers he never saw, and finally stopped. The terrain was rocky. Moving from cover to cover, he shot three of the Germans in the gun crew.

"The fourth got up and started to run," he says. "I'd just got a bead on him when a sniper hit me in the right arm and paralyzed it. I knew I was done shootin' so I called to Price. He made the German prisoners come up to me and they carried me down on a shelter half. I guess the snipers could have still fired on us but they must have not wanted to hit their own men. Or somethin'."

Somebody also said Kisters was going to get a special medal for that deal, too, but he received nothing except the Purple Heart that went with the seven wounds. Somebody else told him he was being made a second lieutenant.

But when he returned to the States in October he was still a staff sergeant. He wangled a 48-hour pass from Nichols General Hospital here in Louisville and went home to Indiana for the first time in three years to see the bride he had been with for seven days before going overseas. Naturally, he overstayed the pass 24 hours.

Then in January everything changed. A War Department telegram came to the hospital commissioning him a second lieutenant. He went to Washington, where Gen. George C. Marshall decorated him with the DSC for removing the Tunisian road block and President Roosevelt hung around his neck the Medal of Honor for the machine-gun-nest deal in Sicily. Kisters found himself a National Hero.

But Kisters, like Kelly, is not at all the National Hero type. When you ask him, for example, why he kept moving closer to that machine gun when he was getting a bullet a minute poured into him, he doesn't try to give you the impression that he was especially brave.

"The shape I was in after those snipers got to me," he explains, "it was just as dangerous to move backwards as forwards. So I moved forwards."

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Congressional Medal Winners

And T/Sgt. Charles Kelly was still a pfc. after 16 months' service when he killed 35 Germans in Italy with four BARs, a few mortar shells and a bazooka.

By Sgt. BURTT EVANS
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY [By Radio]—There must be some kind of an unwritten Article of War that says you can't win the Medal of Honor unless you've been a private more than a year.

Lt. Gerry Kisters, hero of Tunisia and Sicily, was a private for his first 18 months in the service. T/Sgt. Charles Edward Kelly was only a pfc. when he earned the Medal of Honor by killing some 35 Germans single-handedly near Salerno, although he had been in the Army for 16 months.

Kelly is not the picture-book type of hero. He has initiative, courage, calmness under fire, and a certain amount of plain luck, but these are almost incidental. The main reason for his success, the thing that makes him a live and not a dead hero, is that he has not forgotten the primary business of a soldier: to load, aim and fire weapons that kill Germans.

Kelly tells about a new replacement who turned and asked him—in the heat of the Rapido River action, with Germans 10 yards away—"How do you load this thing?"

"This thing" only happened to be an M1, the basic weapon of the infantryman.

"Make sure they know how to load and fire," says Kelly, now a platoon sergeant, "and we'll teach them the rest."

Kelly quit Pittsburgh's Latimer High School when he was 16, two years before graduation, to take a job in a bottling works at $18 a week. He turned over $15 out of every week's pay to help support his nearly blind, widowed mother and his eight brothers. (Six of them are in the armed forces now.)

Enlisting in the Army a few months after Pearl Harbor, Kelly took his basic at Camp Wheeler, Ga., and then worked a transfer to the paratroopers at Fort Benning. But he was kicked out of the Troops for going over the hill twice to see his mother and his girl, Mae Connally. Then he transferred to the 36th (Texas) Division.

Shipping to Africa with his new outfit, he underwent intensive infantry training there. On Sept. 9, 1943, he landed before dawn near Paestum, Italy, as a BAR man in the division's reserve infantry regiment.

In the first stages of establishing the Salerno beachhead, Kelly's battalion held a position above Altavilla. This little mountain city, some 22 miles inland from Salerno, was gradually being encircled by the Germans, who had orders to retake it at all costs. Early on the morning of Sept. 13, "Black Monday," Kelly volunteered to join a patrol whose mission was to locate and destroy several machine-gun positions. "We cleaned them out all right," says Kelly briefly.

That was only the beginning. Kelly stuck his neck out again, as he puts it, when he volunteered that same morning to make contact with the division's 3d Battalion, believed to be located on a hill about a mile away. He scrambled the whole mile under enemy observation and the fire of German snipers, mortars and artillery, and then came back the same way still under the same fire.

Headquarters wanted to know if he had established contact. "Sure," replied Kelly, "but those guys aren't Ameri-

KELLY

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Firing continuously from the storehouse window, Kelly burned out the four BARs.

cans—they're Germans, and they're strongly entrenched."

Kelly volunteered again for a patrol that wiped out two of the entrenched machine-gun positions. With his BAR ammunition exhausted, he returned to find his company withdrawing from Altavilla in fierce, hand-to-hand street fighting. He crawled through heavy fire to get more ammunition from a dump located near a three-story storehouse on the extreme flank of his regiment's position. The Germans were attacking fiercely at this point as Kelly got his ammunition. He was ordered to stand guard at the rear of the storehouse. That detail lasted all night.

The real show began next morning, when "all the Germans in the world" resumed their attack. Kelly was pulled inside to keep from drawing fire and was posted at an open window on the third floor—where a machine gunner had been killed and several other soldiers wounded.

Firing continuously and effectively from that window, Kelly burned out four automatic rifles. "Those BARs were so hot from continuous firing," he says, "that the locks came out the sides. That sure was a hot spot. When the third floor got too hot, we went to the first floor. Then we went back up to the third floor again."

The Germans were still closing in, but with the four BARs burned out, Kelly had no gun. Looking around the room, he saw some 60-mm mortar shells. He waited until the Germans were directly below his window, dislodged the safety pins from these shells by knocking them against the floor, then tossed them like footballs at the Krauts. Most of the shells failed to explode but some did. One killed five Germans.

But the Germans were still coming, and Kelly's sergeant decided to withdraw his little detachment. Although his sergeant argued against the idea, Kelly—who had found a bazooka in another room in the meantime—decided to stay and cover their withdrawal. The last glimpse the withdrawing squad had of Kelly, he was all alone, firing the two-man bazooka from a window. It was the last glimpse, that is, until he sauntered into his outfit's bivouac area a few hours later. He had fired the last three bazooka shells and then "got out while the getting was good."

Since that first show, Kelly has killed five more Germans and has put in more than 100 days of active combat. He fought as squad corporal in the actions at Mount Camino and Mount Maggiore and then as section sergeant when his battalion battled for the heights around San Pietro. He has also done a turn at Mount Cairo and Cassino.

Kelly is at his best in combat patrols, diverting the enemy with a harassing fire. When he goes out on patrol, he travels as light as possible—just a rifle and ammunition. He doesn't bother with a pack or rations. Though he likes an M1, he says "from now on I'm going to carry a carbine. You need one against German automatic pistols."

He doesn't smoke—night fighting cured him—but he chews tobacco. When he runs out of plugs, he will chew a cigarette. His only wounds are a small scrape on his nose from a shell fragment and brush burns on his hands.

Correspondents have called Kelly "Commando," the "Fighting Irishman," the "One-Man Army" and other flattering terms suggesting that he is a fearless fighter, but the men in his outfit call him Charley, which somehow seems more appropriate. As for being fearless, Kelly says "I don't think there is a man in the Army who isn't scared in every battle after his first one."

What does Kelly want? "Just one thing—to get back to the States. I don't want another damned thing but that. These medals will just be a lot of brass after the war, and I'll just be another ex-soldier."

Then he pulled the pins from some 60-mm mortar shells and tossed them at the Krauts.

And, all alone, he fired a two-man bazooka from the window.

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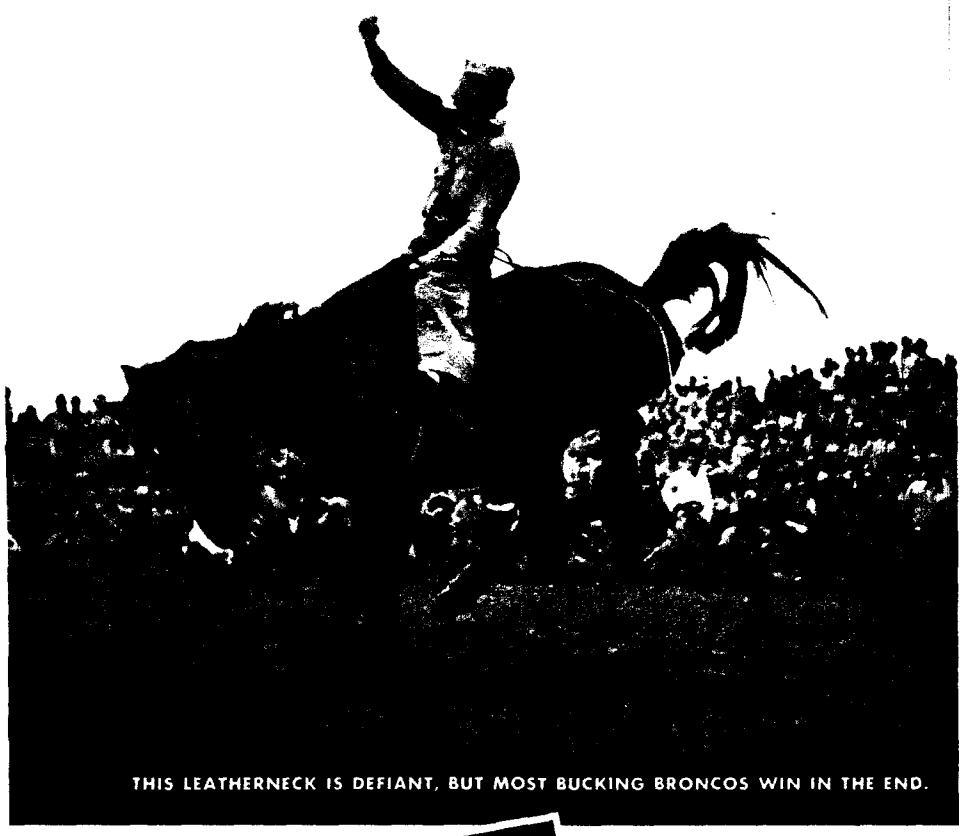
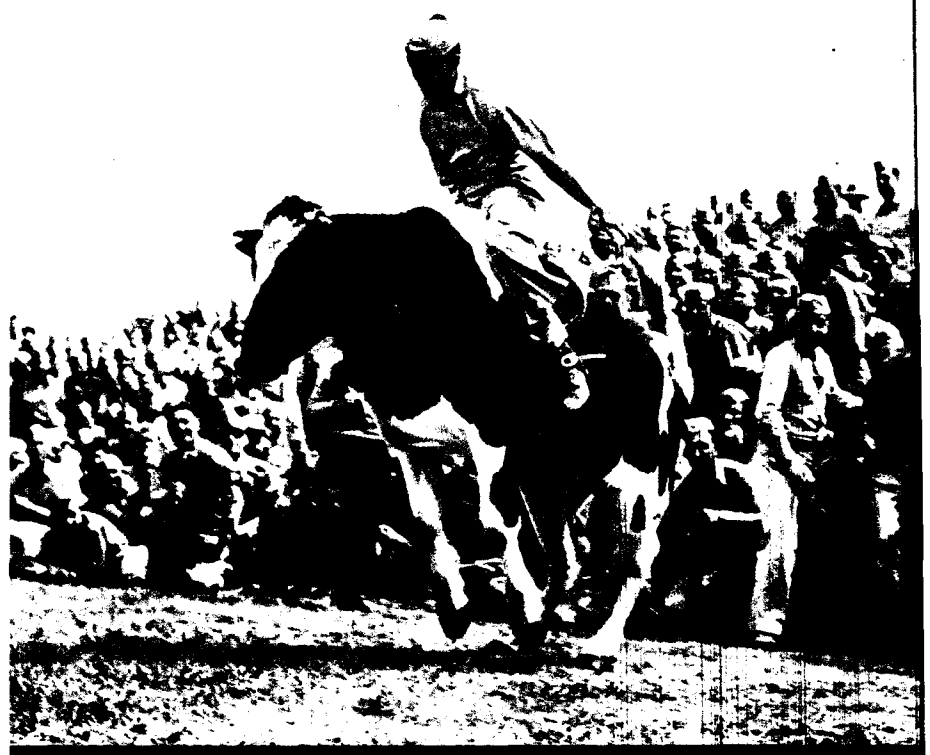


THIS LEATHERNECK IS DEFIANT, BUT MOST BUCKING BRONCOS WIN IN THE END.



THIS CONTESTANT LAUNCHES OUT ON A WILD STEER AS THE CROWD YELLS.

BIG RODEO AND BAR-B-Q

Maj. Gen. Julian C. Smith, CO of the Second Marine Division, which had fought through Guadalcanal and Tarawa, decided his men deserved a holiday. So he authorized an old-time, slam-bang rodeo and barbecue, the biggest thing of its kind that ever hit the Central Pacific. Sgt. Bob Ghio of YANK, with a camera, was there for the fun.

COOK WORKS ON SOME BEEF; 10,000 SPECTATORS ATE 15,000 POUNDS OF STEAK.

MARINES LINE UP AT BARBECUE TABLE. OVER 200 COOKS AND MESSMEN FED THEM.

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Caleb Frantz (left), a conscientious objector from Bethel, Pa., is an orderly in the Castener Hospital.

CONCHIES in PUERTO RICO

One of the three Civilian Public Service Camps where conscientious objectors are working in Puerto Rico

By Pvt. JUD COOK
YANK Staff Correspondent

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO—Whatever became of the conscientious objectors?

Some of the men who registered as conchies with their local Selective Service boards have been deferred because they are working in essential jobs. About 6,890 conchies have been interned and assigned to Civilian Public Service camps in the States. A handful—just 47—live and work in camps on Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands, the only places outside the continental limits of the States where they may serve. By act of Congress, conscientious objectors may not be sent to foreign lands, but Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands, although overseas, are territories of the U. S.

Some 2,000,000 people are crowded into Puerto Rico, the smallest island in the Greater Antilles necklace. To care for this vast population and treat the ailing, there are very few doctors, and many of these are now in the service. In some areas, as many as 4,000 Puerto Ricans depend on one physician; other communities do not even have one.

Conscientious objectors are helping to bring medical relief to hundreds of disease-ridden Puerto Ricans, and two of the conchies interned here have died while performing this kind of service.

Largest of the three Civilian Public Service camps in Puerto Rico is one called the Castener project. Located in the west-central portion of the island, it is a half day's journey from the capital and lies wedged among the mountains in the coffee region. There could hardly be a place more remote from the normal activities of the island and its people. A few conchies from the first group to arrive here have not been away from the camp in two years.

Here at the Castener project is a hospital they have erected. Though crude in many ways, it can accommodate 100 out-patients a day and about 25 bed patients. At least four major operations are performed each week. (The chief surgeon here is not a conscientious objector, although surgeons in the two other camps are.)

The work of the objectors has been an important contribution to the health of Puerto Rico; that is generally admitted by all concerned. Agustin Martinez de Andino, assistant regional administrator of the Puerto Rican Reconstruction Administration, has this to say:

"This is no time to glamorize young Americans who decline to fight for their country because war is against their moral principles, but the conscientious objectors are helping in a major engagement in America's back yard: a tough battle against disease."

The typical conchy at Castener is somewhere between 21 and 32 years old. He may come from Indiana, Michigan, Kansas, Ohio, Pennsylvania or Massachusetts, and he probably has a better than average education. Although unwilling to kill, he is ready for any kind of work, and in most cases is well trained.

His activities, since he was classified 4-E, have followed a pattern prescribed by the Selective Service System, the Department of Interior and the three religious organizations to which most conchies belong. These are the Mennonites, Quakers and Brethren.

Life at the Castener project is no bed of roses. Food is nourishing enough but far less inviting than Puerto Rican garrison menus. The cooks were accountants, laboratory technicians and electricians before they entered the camp. The table is often meatless, and the vegetables are home-grown at the camp.

There is little entertainment available because of the remoteness of the camp. A few ancient films are shown on the camp's 16-mm projector, and an annual Christmas dance is attended by co-eds from the University of Puerto Rico. Otherwise, life is a pretty long round of work, with duty rosters arranged on a system like the Army's.

You get plenty of time to think, and probably many of the objectors debate within themselves whether they are doing the right thing. One conchy in Puerto Rico changed his mind and enlisted, but was discharged soon after on a CDD.

In theory, at least, the conscientious objectors here are entitled to 2½ days of furlough a month, which can be accumulated and taken in a 30-day stretch at the end of a year. Only one man has chosen to accumulate his furlough time—he was a professor at the University of Puerto Rico for the 30 days. Some men pass up the chance for the briefer leaves because their wives are with them at the camp (they work as assistants in the camp hospital or as social workers). Still other conchies don't go on leave because they are busted.

By act of Congress, no appropriation may be made by the Federal government to pay conscientious objectors. The camps in the States and overseas are maintained with funds provided by the sponsoring religious groups as well as by private contributions.

So it is little wonder that the average conchy is broke; he is sweating out the duration on $5 a month.

This Week's Cover

THE sketch by YANK's Sgt. Robert Greenhalgh shows New Zealand infantrymen advancing through the jungle during the occupation of strategic Green Island, which is described in the story on Page 8. The hog in the foreground is real. Lots of them left the underbrush to give the invasion the once-over.

PHOTO CREDITS. 2—Sgt. Ben Schnall. 3—Acme. 5—Sgt. Bob Ghio. 6—Sgt. Bob Zellers. 7—INP. 11—Lower right, Sovfoto; all others, Signal Corps. 12 & 13—USAAF. 18—Upper, 37th AAF "Brigadere"; lower left, Camp Howze, Tex. 19—Left, INP; center, AAFTC, Orlando, Fla.; upper right, Sgt. Schnall; right center, AAF Tng. Command; lower right, Sgt. Charles M. Royer. 20—20th Century-Fox. 23—Upper, PA; lower, AAF, Sheppard Field, Tex.

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Back to Burma

Stilwell's army has returned to the jungles where the Japs gave him a "hell of a beating" two years ago.

By Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH LT. GEN. STILWELL'S FORCES IN NORTHERN BURMA—"I claim we got a hell of a beating. We got run out of Burma and it is humiliating as hell. I think we should find out what caused it and go back and retake it."

In May 1942 Lt. Gen. Joseph Warren Stilwell made that frank statement after leading a tired, battered band of 103 officers, men and nurses on a 20-day march into India—refugees from the Allied rout in Burma.

Today Stilwell is back in Burma, leading the Chinese-American force driving into the Mogaung Valley, first move in the new Allied offensive in the Far East.

The general's personal guard is S/Sgt. Paul Gish of Wadsworth, Ohio, one of five enlisted men who walked west with Stilwell in 1942 and the only one who is back here walking east with him in 1944.

Stilwell's return to Burma is the result of two years of careful preparation, in which two major projects were developed. One was a Chinese-American training center in India, where U. S. Army officers and picked cadres of enlisted men taught Chinese soldiers the use of American tactics and equipment. The other was the Ledo Road, a supply route from India by which Allied troops moving into northern Burma could be equipped and provisioned. Both of these projects, criticized as impractical, are paying off big dividends today.

Since they began their drive in November 1943, the U. S.-trained Chinese forces have taken part in more than 30 actions and killed more than 2,000 men of Japan's crack 18th Division, victors at Singapore. The Chinese troops have been beaten back only three times, and each time they wiped out the reversal later on.

The most impressive engagement to date is the victory at the Patzi Hka (River), a dinky little stream in northern Burma whose banks are the graveyard for 325 Japs killed there on Jan. 25. Cornered near the foothills of the Wantuk Mountains, only a few of the enemy escaped across the lone trail to Taipha-Ga.

In the Patzi Hka action, one Chinese soldier charged a Jap machine-gun nest that was delaying his unit's advance. Although wounded, he dove into the emplacement and attacked the Jap crew in hand-to-hand fighting. A Jap soldier stuck him with a bayonet, but he was still on his feet and fighting when other Chinese soldiers arrived and helped him silence the gun.

Another Chinese soldier jumped in an enemy dugout, pulled the pin in his hand grenade and blew himself and three Japs to bits. Still another Chinese fighter, wounded and sent back to a U.S. field hospital, wrote a letter to his father in China, apologizing for having allowed himself to be injured and vowing to return to action as soon as possible.

The advance scouts for Stilwell's troops are Yanks and Burmese natives. The Americans, all volunteers, replaced British personnel in the scouting force a few months ago. They work principally in enemy territory, cutting their own trails through the dense woods to avoid roving Jap patrols.

Lone British hold-over in the scouts is Lt. Col. J. R. Wilson, former Assam tea planter who remained to supervise the transition and now directs the force together with Capt. William Cummings. Cummings, a U. S. Army officer from Newton Center, Mass., was born in Burma, where his father was an American Baptist missionary, and he has spent most of his life here.

Ranking noncom in the scouts is T/Sgt. Joseph Stahl of New Brunswick, N. J., who has learned a lot of jungle secrets—how to build a bamboo lean-to with a banana-leaf roof or how to get drinking water from a bamboo tree. His squad includes S/Sgt. Martin C. Thrailkill of Dallas, Tex.; Cpl. Kenneth Miller of Kansas City, Kans.; Pfc. Edgar Buck of Johnstown, Pa., and Pfc. Howard Van Ardsdale of New York City.

Van Ardsdale is an American who was working in the Far East when the war began, fought in the British Army at Singapore and in the Arakan, was later commissioned and then resigned his lieutenancy to join the U. S. scouts.

Van Arsdale and the other Yank scouts have learned how to use the *dah*, favorite weapon of the natives—a long-bladed knife used to lop off the heads of Jap stragglers on Burma's narrow jungle trails. The tribesmen wear colorful turbans, knee-length skirts known as *longyis* and no shoes. They sling the *dahs* over their bare backs in carved wooden scabbards hung from the left shoulder. They are also expert marksmen with rifles or shotguns.

One of the scout officers, Capt. Peter K. Lutken of Jackson, Miss., went on a mission by himself. Circling around a retreating Jap force moving south down the Hukwang Valley, he reached the new camp site before the enemy, reconnoitered their installations and headed back into the jungles through the enemy lines to report to the advancing Chinese forces. Before he left, he pinned a profane note as an unmistakable calling card on a tree in the center of the enemy camp.

"UNCLE JOE" SITS IN ON THE SHOOTING. AS HIS TROOPS ADVANCE OVER TO THE JAP-HELD SIDE OF A RIVER IN BURMA, LT. GEN. STILWELL WATCHES FROM A BLUFF.

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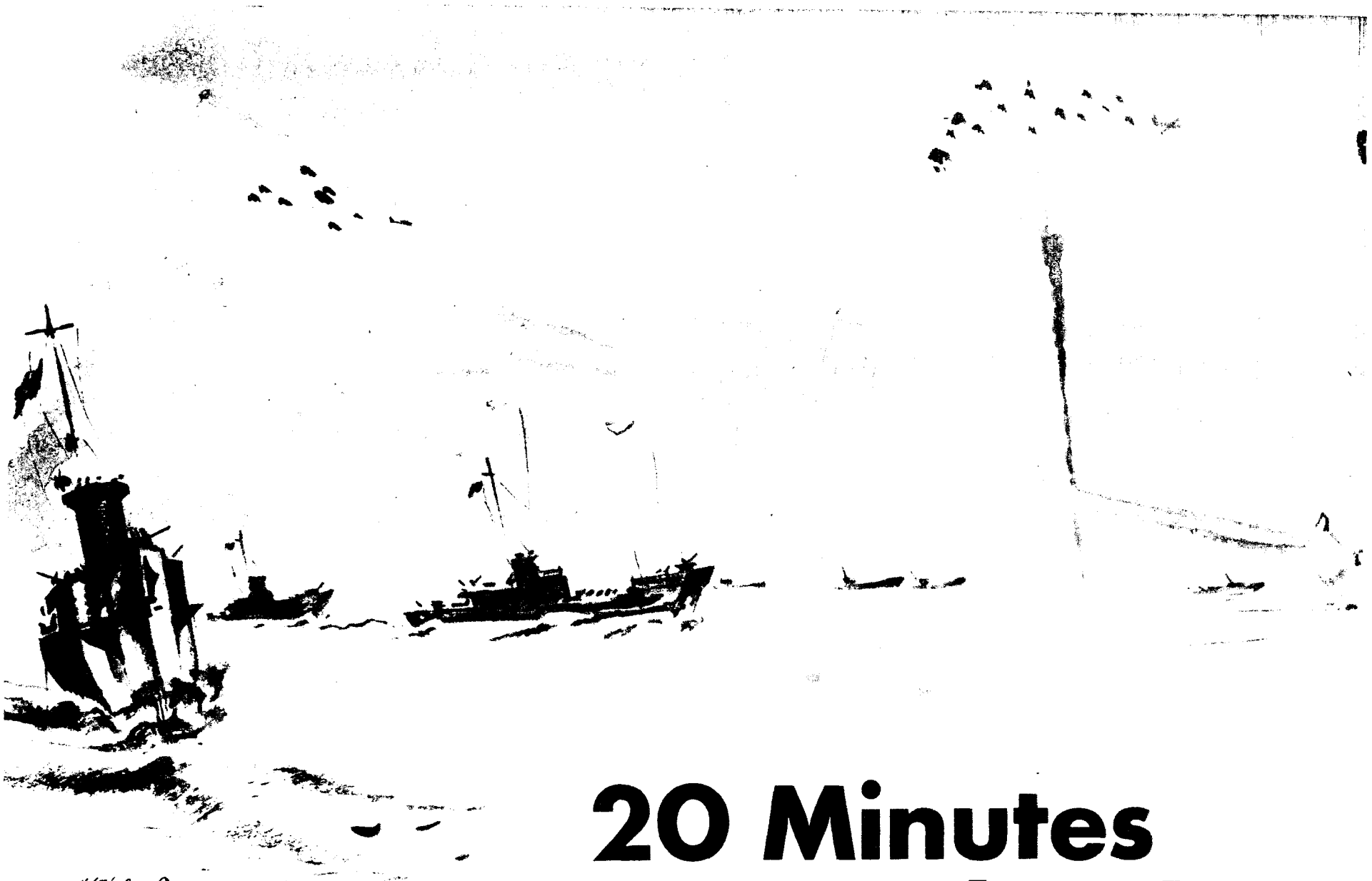


SGT/ Robt Graeckeh YANK

EYE-WITNESS SKETCH SHOWING 2 DIVE BOMBERS DOWNED IN AIR-NAVAL ACTION OFF GREEN ISLAND (IN FAR DISTANCE)

20 Minutes from Rabaul

By Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE NEW ZEALAND EXPEDITIONARY FORCE INVADING GREEN ISLAND—Our assignment is to capture the Jap-held Green Island group, an atoll eight miles long, shaped like a broken ring. It is 100 miles deep inside a Jap-controlled triangle whose points are Rabaul, Buka and Kavieng. A fighter plane can reach Rabaul from Green Island in only 20 minutes, a bomber can make a round-trip in an hour and a half.

For the job we have a force composed principally of New Zealand Infantry but including American Seabees, air and other naval personnel. The New Zealanders will do the ground fighting; the Seabees will build a fighter strip in the jungle, with the construction deadline set at 20 days after our landing. (This airstrip in turn will cover future leapfrog advances to the north toward Kavieng, Truk and Tokyo.) Landing beaches and an airstrip site were chosen 15 days ago by a commando force in a 24-hour raid.

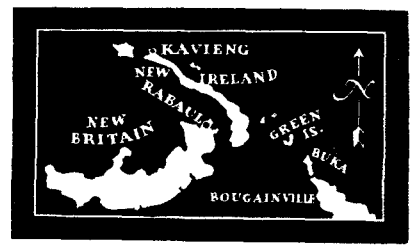
There are many ships in our convoy, from lumbering LSTs to tiny PT boats that scoot along like water bugs. A number of destroyers race along the skyline, alert against Jap planes.

As the convoy sails up the Solomon Islands slot—past Rendova, Vella Lavella, Treasury and Bougainville—the South Seas seem at their loveliest. The water is blue and smooth as a table, the sky bright and sunny, the evening gentle and soft, the sunset a tender composition of rose and peach and blue.

"You'd pay good money for a trip like this in peacetime," says a CPO in the U. S. Navy. "This way you get paid for it."

"It's been a proper pleasure trip so far," agrees Lance Bombardier Charles Grut of Auckland, N.Z.

The ship's record player gives out with Dinah Shore's "Star Dust," Tommy Dorsey's "I'm Getting Sentimental Over You" and discs by Artie Shaw, Count Basie and Duke Ellington. Laughing New Zealanders play the Salvo game, sinking imaginary warships on a score pad. A few talk about the landings ahead.



"Oi don't know about this nine-inch foxhole business," says one. "Oi'll dig moine bloody deep, oi will." He's referring to the theory that a shallow foxhole is better because you can jump out if the Japs toss in hand grenades.

"There are 100,000 Japs on New Britain, 50,000 on Bougainville and we're 40 miles from Buka," observes Jack Cumming, a jut-jawed professional soldier and battery sergeant major from Auckland. "We're right in a trap. We're nearer to Rabaul than the Americans are at Cape Gloucester. I think it's pretty cheeky if you ask me; we've got a bloody nerve, you know."

In spite of his comments, Cumming and the other New Zealanders are looking forward to the job. Some still gripe about the times they were promised combat and didn't get it.

Taking a break during march on a Jap-held mission.

"They promised us we'd go into action when we came to Guadalcanal," Cumming recalls, still bitter, "but they never took us. We squealed plenty about that. But we're used to it. When we went to Fiji we were told that we'd go into action and that was two years ago. This is only our first action now."

The night before D Day dawns, the first reports of enemy counterattack come in. A patrol plane ahead says that it has "erased" a Mitsubishi bomber. News comes of a Jap destroyer outside Rabaul and another 58 miles off Wewak. We hit the sack early.

At 0130, D Day, we are awakened by the jangling of signal bells in the engine room and by the heaving and twisting of our little LCI as it speeds, slows and executes quick turns. We doze off again and then awake for good at 0400.

"They've laid three eggs on us so far," Ernest E. (Butch) Allan S1c from Muskegon, Mich., announces cheerfully. "One came pretty near the last LCI. We didn't fire; we didn't want to give away our position. We've been on GQ (general quarters) since 0130."

At 0700 we near Green Island, a long flat strip of bushes, palms and many other close-grown trees, including some bamboo. From the sea the atoll suggests the southeastern shore of Long Island or perhaps the coast of Florida. Some of the New Zealand infantrymen are already ashore. They went in at 0630, and now they are combing the two abandoned coconut plantations where our LCIs will land at 0830 and the LSTs at 0900.

In tight formation 13 planes fly above us, one showing a signal light. Then a Jap plane flashes in to attack, slim-winged and black. Thin bright lines of gunfire from one of our escorting destroyers mark the path of the plane as it spears

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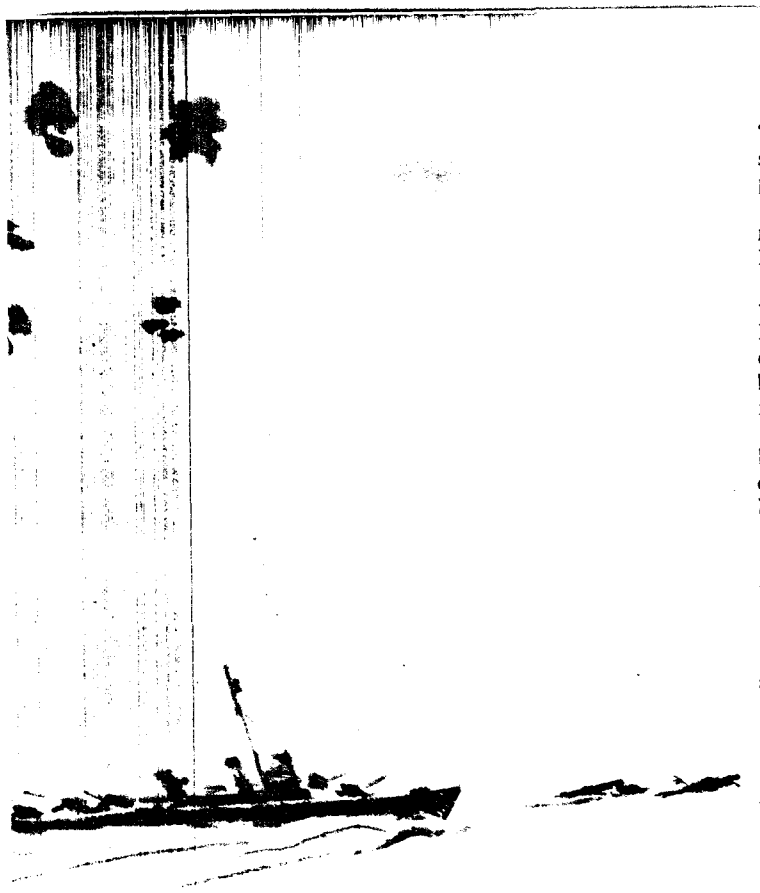

The husky, well-fed Jap marines at Green Island, important stop on the way to Tokyo, folded up when an Infantry force of New Zealanders landed on their beaches, hungry for some knock-down and drag-out war.

down almost vertically. Thirty feet above the deck of the destroyer it digs in, checks its drop, levels out and races the length of the can, fleeing out over the bow without attempting to regain altitude. Water and smoke heave up from bomb misses.

A moment later the plane goes down as a Corsair streaks onto it from above. Then a destroyer brings down another enemy aircraft. Thick black columns of smoke stand on the horizon for many minutes afterward, marking the spot at which each Jap plane plunged.

Now the LCIs perform their intricate dance for life, racing in wide twisting circles to make themselves difficult targets for any Jap planes that may slip through the screen. But none does, and nine of the enemy are shot down.

"Boy, it's rugged," grins a red-headed New Zealander. He's wearing the standard Kiwi helmet, an inverted soup plate covered with burlap. "And to think I'm supposed to be best man today at a wedding in Wellington." A friend laughs. "You're having more fun here," he says, "than you would at a wedding." Red nods in agreement.

"Everybody into the troop compartments, and get your gear ready," an officer orders. Below decks the troops slip on jungle packs and rifles. Left behind is a pulp magazine, *New World Thrilling Serials.*

We are just passing through the mouth of the lagoon. The Pokonian Plantation point, from which the Japs might have mounted a murderous assault on the oncoming vessels, is silent.

As LCI flagship, our vessel leads its wave. Running in 20 feet from shore, it lets down its bow ramps with a clatter, and the first of our 200 men file into the knee-deep water. The jungle undergrowth is so thick that a machine gunner one foot from shore would be invisible, but nothing happens as we wade to the bank and scramble up eight feet of tumbled coral. The jungle feels good as it wraps around you, putting you on even terms of concealment.

So far so good. No sign of the enemy at all. Then, as a second LCI moves in 100 yards south of us, the Japs make their first appearance. From two barges hidden in the brush and coral overhanging a cove, Jap machine guns open up on the New Zealanders as they wade in.

"We went for our bloody lives as fast as we could lick," says Lance Cpl. Ashley Petty, Auckland commercial traveler (you'd call him a traveling salesman), a couple of hours later. "There was more spray coming from my propellers than a PT."

The LCI, an LST and two U. S. Navy barges return the Jap fire and the enemy desert their barges, ending the scrap. Nobody is hurt.

The rest of invasion day is so beautiful it's weird. Between spells of hacking away at the hard coral earth, digging slit trenches for the rough night that probably lies ahead, men go bathing or lie nude in the sun on the white sand beneath coolly stirring palms.

"Ah, she's beautiful, isn't she?" exclaims Pvt. Frank Black, Wellington accountant. "It's not a bad war. Oh, this is marvelous."

Others chop open green coconuts with machetes and drink the milk. Everything is fine, observes Pvt. Neil Palmer, Taihape (N. Z.) farmer, except for the American K rations we'll be eating for two or three days. "I hope you don't mind us saying it," he tells me, "but we New Zealanders can't eat your K rations."

For the rest of the day there is little to remind us of war except the protective Hellcats, Corsairs, Airacobras and Warhawks skimming the palm tops, and the "pow-phsss" of the New Zealand 25-pound artillery shells flying overhead toward Jap camps.

Meanwhile the Seabees have gone to work. A party begins surveying for the fighter strip at 0945, three quarters of an hour after their landing. By 1315, Seabee bulldozers have smashed landing ramps out of the steep coral banks, and 2,500 tons of material are ashore. By nightfall the Seabees have built four miles of roads for our 90 vehicles, ranging from one-ton jeeps to 37-ton shovels and tractors.

Since Green Island has no fresh water the Seabees are evaporating 200 gallons of drinking water an hour from the lagoon brine by noon of D Day, and 30,000 gallons a day within another 48 hours. In five days the Seabees have the airstrip site lit up at night like a ball park, as they press the work on a 24-hour basis. The 500-watt lamps are turned off only when the sirens whine the Conditions Red, sending the Seabees scrambling for trenches scooped out along their way by mechanical ditch diggers.

The first night falls, and one U. S. Army intelligence officer, a captain, puts on pink pajamas. At midnight the "chug-chug-chug" of the first Jap plane comes over. There is a moment of silence as the pilot cuts his motor and dives to release his eggs. Then the motor catches on again and the plane chugs off. The bombs crash with a "thwud, thwud" as the men squeeze low in their jungle slit trenches and foxholes.

Ten or 15 planes come over after that, with six Conditions Red and five hours and 50 minutes of alerts. Only 25 bombs are dropped and nobody is killed, although five natives are wounded.

The second day brings tropic bliss again; the second night only two bombs are dropped during four Reds, and night fighters from Empress Augusta Bay, Bougainville, shoot down two of the Jap twin-float, single-engine raiders. On the third night there are no attacks at all.

We owe our freedom from effective Jap air assault to the neutralizing of Rabaul. In two months of preparation for the Green Island seizure, 2,200 tons of bombs have been dropped on Rabaul and 790 Jap planes shot down there. In the three days our convoy was at sea, bomber strikes against Rabaul were stepped up to three a day. For good measure, the seldom-used Jap strip at Borpop, New Ireland, only 90 miles from Green Island, has been knocked out.

A disgusted knot of Kiwis gather around a typed sign tacked onto a palm tree on the second day: "As there is ample opportunity at the moment, shaving will be carried out daily, except where permanent beards are desired."

"No bugles yet," groans one New Zealander. "We'll get them tomorrow."

The same day a second clash with the Japs occurs, when a patrol combing Sirot Island—located at the break in the ring that forms the atoll—comes upon 22 Japs. In the first flurry five New Zealanders and 10 Japs are killed. In the game of nerves that follows as the two parties lie silent and invisible for scores of minutes at a time, the remaining Japs are destroyed with no further New Zealand losses. Across the lagoon, at Tangalan Plantation, two Seabees on bulldozers attract sniper fire but are not hit.

The friendly black natives of the atoll lead the way to three Jap 20-mm antitank guns—fine portable automatic weapons, well-blued and oiled. They are near the Pokonian Plantation point at "Blue Beach," where they could have taken a nasty toll of boats and men.

Infantry battalions set out to comb the Green Island group and LCI gunboats tour the shoreline, destroying barges and one enemy PT boat, already damaged but seaworthy enough for Japs still hiding to have used in making their escape.

The final push is set for 0730 of the fifth morning. Natives report that the Japs have concentrated at an abandoned American mission at the southern end of the ring. Working through the jungle from Pokonian and Tangalan, the infantrymen by the fourth night have advanced within 1,000 yards of the mission on either side. According to native estimates, the New Zealanders have the Japs outnumbered, but the attack may be costly; in the jungle, very often the only way to locate a hidden enemy is to receive his fire.

On the morning of the drive, riding south over

After the invasion the soldiers went in swimming whenever they got a chance. This was on the fifth day.

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This Kiwi was doing some poetic speculating during the first night the Jap bombers came over.

a road freshly cut by New Zealand engineers, we see many signs of the retreating Japs. At one point there is a conical hole, 30 feet deep, which the Japs have been using as a hide-out safe from all except direct hits from the air and sea. "It's dark, dreary, damp," says one correspondent examining the hole. "It smells of Japs. They're like rats; they like it there. No New Zealander would live in a place like that."

At 0730 the New Zealand artillery opens up behind us, its shells going over with a long whistle. A rooster crows and birds chirp in the trees. Half a dozen little brown pigs block the road, stare a moment, then wobble hastily away.

When we overtake the rear guard of the advancing battalion, the Kiwis are having their inevitable tea. "We had a bit of a lively night," says Lance Bombardier Cyril Colbert, a Dunedin (N. Z.) salesman. "Five or 10 Japs got through A Company, so look out in the next 500 yards." The Japs have a heavy machine gun.

Our party of five leaves its jeep and starts ahead on foot. The jungle is like many American forests, except that the underbrush is thicker and deeper than a Nebraska cornfield and the ground is springy with dampness. The sweet fragrance of frangipani and the musky odor of mice touch our nostrils as we pick out way over roots and logs.

We catch up with the advancing Infantry and join the middle of three lines proceeding in Indian file 30 feet apart. As we pause, Pvt. Leonard T. Botting of Balclutha, N. Z., tells how he was attacked during the night. He has to be coaxed because he considers the whole thing faintly ridiculous. An unarmed Jap stepped across his foxhole, apparently in search of a weapon. Botting grabbed the Jap's leg. The Jap snatched an entrenching pick from a tree trunk and dug it into Botting's back. Other Kiwis opened fire and one was sure he caught the Jap as he went over a steep cliff.

The three lines resume the advance and then stop suddenly with much shushing for silence. "Hold it," comes the order down the line; something has been heard toward the lagoon. "New Zealanders on the left—pass it on," comes the explanation, and the march continues forward.

In a native garden another halt is called. Signalmen who have been unreeling a telephone line hook it up and an officer speaks to the rear: "Movement slow. Bearing 22 magnetic straight for the mission. Yes. Yes. Aye."

The New Zealanders, finding that brush clicks on the metal of their steel helmets, have put them aside in favor of dark green slouch hats. These are pulled into as many designs as there are imaginations in the group—fedoras, natty pork pies, shapeless masses of hills and valleys. The Kiwis are wearing jungle suits like those our marines use—a splatter of browns and greens with yellow dots the size of silver dollars, so that the effect is of jungle shrubbery pierced by stray sun rays.

The soldiers pass a dozen fresh shell holes ringed with shattered bushes and trees. In one hole the smoke still clings to the brown earth. The signalmen hook up again and more news is relayed from group to group down the lines. "Latest report is the Japs have dug in behind the mission. Pass it back, will you? We have 900 yards to go."

Signs of the Japs multiply. Here is an opened wood packing case with a Jap label; there is a Jap officer's hammock, a flat rectangle of woven poles suspended from vines. Now we pass a half-dozen Jap enlisted men's lean-tos, cramped open-sided sheds with a slanting thatch roof set on four poles. They don't look very dry. Under one is a Jap sleeping mat, a nice souvenir, but our minds are not yet on souvenirs.

"About 750 yards to go," the lines are told at the next rest. "The Japs have dug in. The 30th Battalion has surrounded the mission and formed a perimeter."

"Chin up, chap," quips one Kiwi. "The ice cream will be along in a minute."

Suddenly the columns rustle with startling news. The 30th is in the mission and the Japs have vanished. Moments later we are on the mission terrace. The ruins are tributes to Allied marksmanship. A 10-foot crater gapes in the lawn. The chapel and residence are wrecks of twisted wood and iron. Under one unshattered section of the main house is a huge store of Jap supplies in excellent condition.

There are 100,000 rounds of ammunition, 150 rifles, five more 20-mm antitank guns, six machine guns including one in a leather case, three or four mortars, a large number of gas masks, quantities of rice, flour and various canned foods.

We find also three wireless sets, an outboard motor, a broken Singer sewing machine that probably belonged to the mission, and many Jap packs, split-toed shoes and good leather hobnail brogans. One New Zealander, already souvenir-conscious, finds a Jap officer's leather case containing a wrist watch, fountain pen and clothing.

Evidence that the Japs, too, are souvenir minded is found in a Jap haversack whose shoulder straps bear the insignia of the New Zealand South Pacific Expeditionary Force, a pin with a crown, ferns and the word "Onward." "Off one of our dead blokes at Treasury, I suppose," says a New Zealander.

With the capture of the mission, Green Island is formally declared secured. With that come the post-mortems.

Something was wrong with the Japs here. They were all marines, husky, square-built fighters with a reputation similar to that of our own marines. They were well-fed, well-provisioned and armed with enough guns to have worked plenty of damage on the troops, ships and tanks that were brought in against them. At the mission they had an ideal spot for defense, coral cliffs dropping on three sides and a narrow neck of land across which a perimeter could easily have been thrown.

True, the odds were against them, but only five months earlier at Vella Lavella, the Japs fought to the end against even heavier odds. Although half-starved, they refused to escape through the barge route the Japs had running to Kolombangara. Two Japs on Vella even dared to attack a 13-man New Zealand machine-gun position, although one of the Japs was armed only with a penknife.

The conclusion seems inescapable that the Japs on Green Island, having learned of the Allied push up through Treasury and Bougainville, were convinced that they were soldiering in a lost cause, and were therefore ready to quit. But it has yet to be shown that the journey down the rest of the road to Tokyo will be anything but hard and bloody.

New Zealanders smoked and drank tea on the beach.

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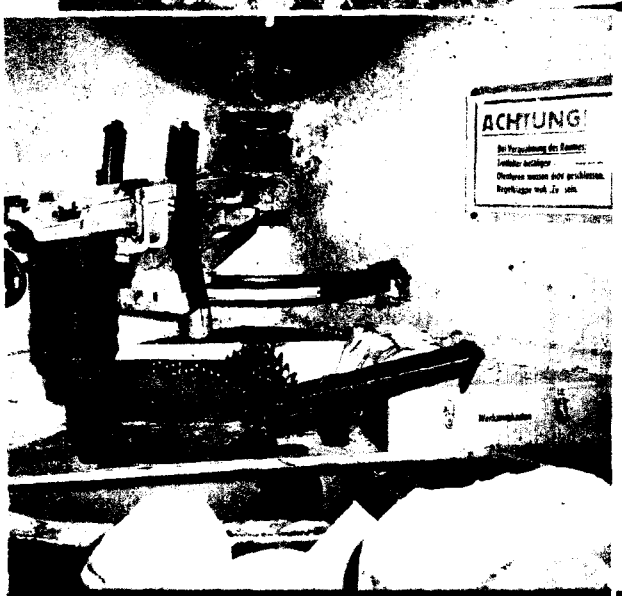
A YANK INSPECTS A GERMAN PORTABLE PILLBOX COMMANDING A PLAIN ON THE ITALIAN FRONT.

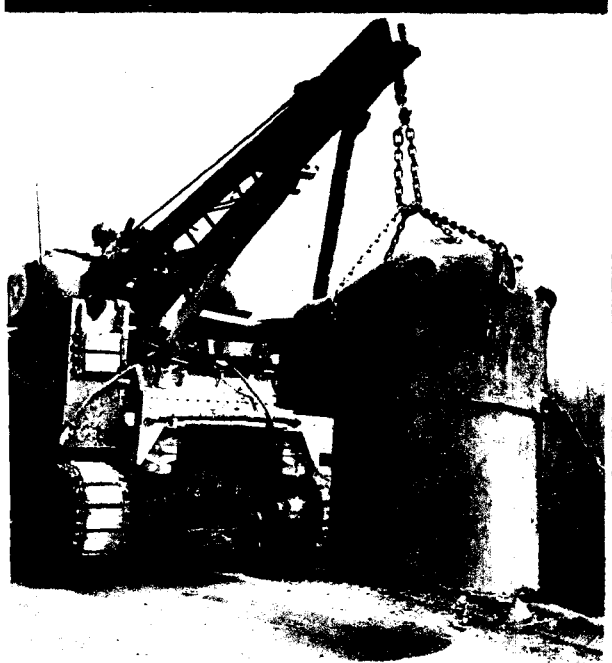
Pillbox on the Run

One of the additions to German defensive warfare is the portable pillbox. The Nazis used it in Russia and now the Allies are meeting hundreds in Italy. These pillboxes, made out of cast iron, with a top like an inverted kettle, are about five feet wide and some six feet high, but only a six-inch dome and a machine-gun snout can be seen by a soldier attacking them. Each pillbox is manned by two soldiers. To move the pillboxes the Germans tow them away on a special carriage or load them on a truck. Then they can be dug in and surrounded by rubble or earth so that they can be seen from only a few yards away.



A pillbox interior. Bellows are used for cooling the gun. Furnishings include a small radio and heater.

A couple of portable pillboxes are shown to the public in Moscow. Note the chimney and periscope sticking out of the pillbox on the right. The one on the left is inverted and mounted on a carriage to be moved.



U. S. tank hauls away a pillbox which had been dug out of its position along the Gustav line near Cassino.

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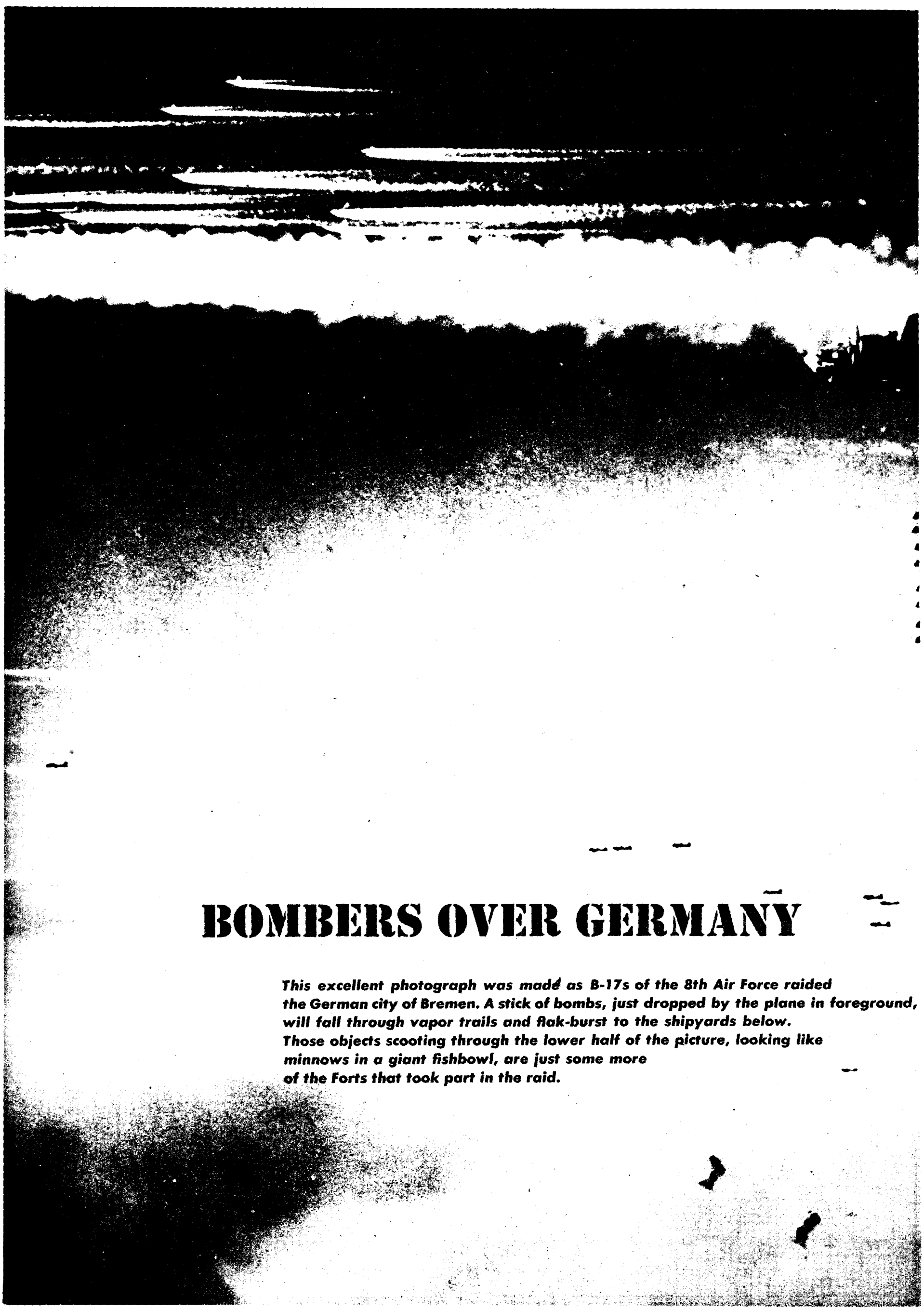

BOMBERS OVER GERMANY

This excellent photograph was made as B-17s of the 8th Air Force raided the German city of Bremen. A stick of bombs, just dropped by the plane in foreground, will fall through vapor trails and flak-burst to the shipyards below. Those objects scooting through the lower half of the picture, looking like minnows in a giant fishbowl, are just some more of the Forts that took part in the raid.

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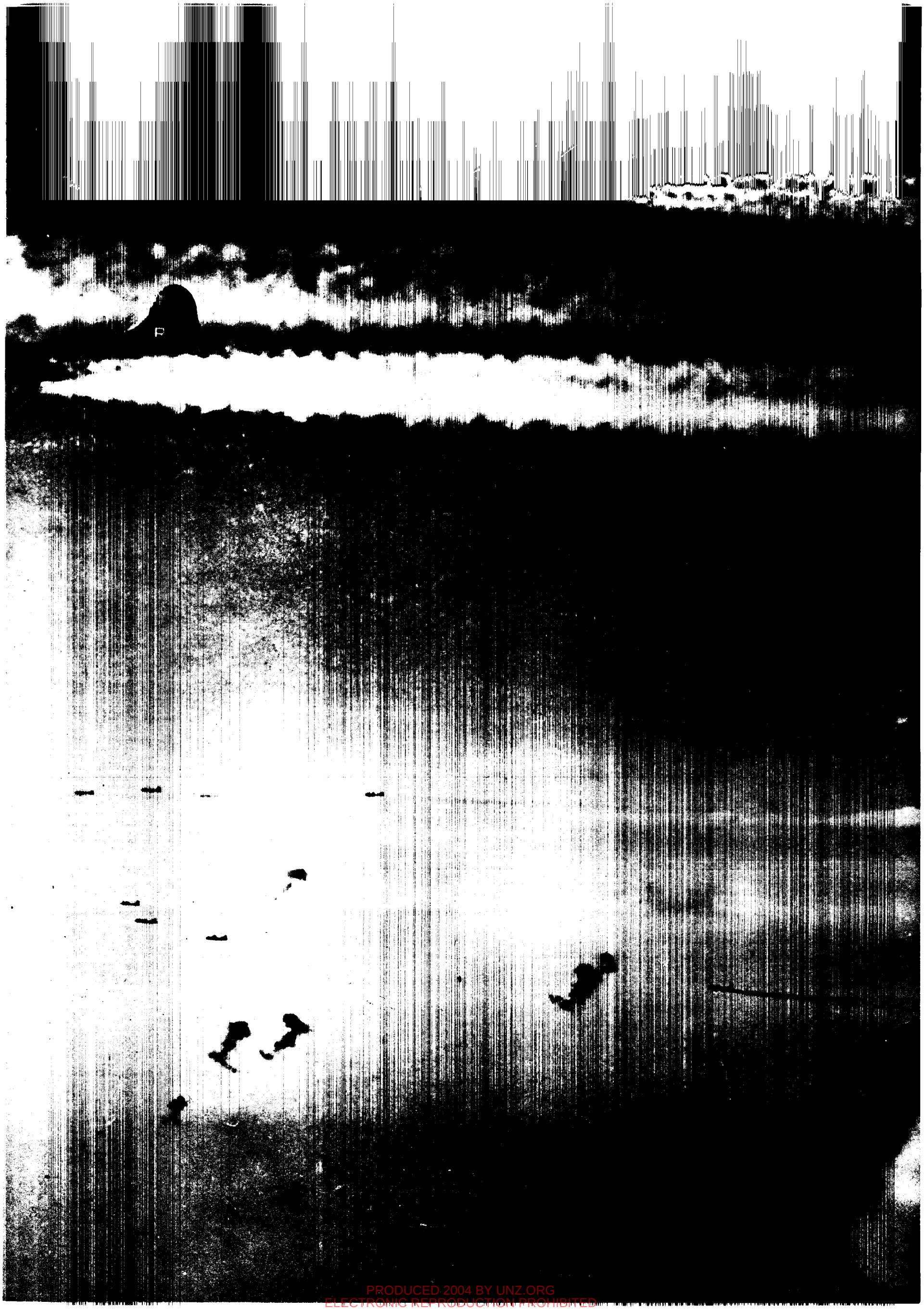

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MAIL CALL

Mercy for Japs

Dear YANK:

In *Mail Call* in a March issue of YANK I came across an interesting piece of literature. The topic was "Mercy for Japs," by Pvt. Ralph H. Luckey. He wrote he was sorry to read about the way American troops were treating the enemy and also mentioned that instead of killing the enemy by throwing hand grenades into their positions they should take them alive. . . . I was certainly surprised to read such a thing from anyone. I have been across for 19 months, and the motto in the Southwest Pacific is "Kill the Bastards." . . . My old outfit is still over there scattered all over the Solomons and New Georgia Islands. Ask those boys what it's like and ask them why they are there. Two years out in the field is a long time to sweat out, and most of them are on Boot Hill—they won't come back. I was one of the fortunate few, and sometimes I wonder what it's all about back here. . . . Continue with the war, fellows, until you wipe every last one of them out.

Camp Irwin, Calif. —T-4 RALPH DELLA PELLE

Dear YANK:

We just read the letter written by that servant of God, Pvt. Luckey, and wish to state that he has the wrong slant. . . . After being in combat and seeing medics being killed trying to help our wounded makes you want to kill the bastards. . . . Fair play is fine among sportsmen but we are fighting back stabbers! . . .

Hawaii Jap Killers*

*Signed by Pvt. P. Stupar.

Dear YANK:

. . . NO MERCY FOR MURDERERS!

On Maneuvers —Pvt. SAM BONANNO

Dear YANK:

Brother, Pvt. Luckey better live up to his last name if he goes into combat with the idea of taking Jap prisoners alive!

Port of Embarkation —Sgt. CARL BETHEA*

*Also signed by 13 others.

Dear YANK:

We are all Navy men who are suffering from combat fatigue. Many of us have been strafed by Jap Zeros while floating helplessly in the sea and have seen what the soldiers and marines have gone through in this fight. If Pvt. Luckey heeds his own call for mercy for Japs, his soul will belong to God but his body will belong to the Japs. . . .

Norfolk Naval Hosp., Portsmouth, Va.—Vets of World War II

Dear YANK:

. . . If I had another chance I certainly would do the same thing those Yanks on Makin did. Shoot 'em and shoot 'em dead. I know what I'm talking about. I have been there.

Camp Blanding, Fla. —T/Sgt. J. N. OLSEN

Dear YANK:

. . . Please notify the FBI, G-2, anything—but have that guy locked up!

Fort Custer, Mich. —Cpl. S. SCHWARTZ

Dear YANK:

Has Pvt. Luckey ever seen his friends and buddies shot down by the Japs? Has he ever carried our dead out of the jungle for burial? I have—and more, during the eight months I spent on Guadalcanal. Pvt. Luckey will have no dead Japs on his conscience when they kill him.

Harmon Gen. Hosp., Longview, Tex. —Pvt. C. E. CARTER

Dear YANK:

. . . Luckey is out of this world and should be confined in a small room heavily padded on four sides.

Bermuda —S/Sgt. ARTHUR J. KAPLAN

Dear YANK:

Me and my buddies sure were mad as hell when we read Pvt. Ralph Luckey's letter. He sure shot off his mouth about our treatment of the Japs. The trouble is that he has had it nice and soft so far. . . .

Trinidad —Pfc. EDWARD STAFFIN

Dear YANK:

. . . We don't know whether to feel sorry for this guy or just laugh the thing off. . . .

—M/Sgt. W. F. HARDGROVE*

NC Hosp., Mitchel Field, N. Y. (South Pacific)

*Signed also by M/Sgt. R. M. Stephens (SWP); T/Sgts. L. C. Sheehan (Britain) and N. Sedorick (Britain); S/Sgts. P. F. Teroberry (Italy, Africa), R. I. Vogel (Italy, Africa), L. V. Behout (CBI), J. M. Horesign (Italy) and H. R. Garrison (New Guinea); Sgts. W. J. Polera, P. Nadzak (CBI) and J. Seginah (Britain), and Cpl. M. J. Bursie (New Guinea).

Dear YANK:

. . . Wake up, Luckey. The Jap doesn't care if God is his witness or not.

—Pfc. CHARLES J. NICHOLS

Worthington Gen. Hosp., Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Dear YANK:

You say, Pvt. Luckey, that you would only kill the enemy when it is necessary. Well, there is only one answer to that, and that is this: Soldier, you won't live 10 minutes in actual combat when you show mercy to a Jap. The Japanese soldier has more dirty, lousy tricks in his head than you will ever be able to dream up. Yes, he will surrender and then take your rifle away from you and beat hell out of you. More than likely he'll stick your own bayonet right through your silly guts.

Camp Van Dorn, Miss. —Capt. H. W. PRICE

Political Platforms

Dear YANK:

Assuming that the majority of the AEF will be able to vote in the coming Presidential election, how, and from what source, will they obtain the information necessary to arrive at an intelligent choice? It is my opinion the obvious answers to that question will not be adequate. So I am offering the following suggestion: that YANK obtain, from the candidates themselves, signed articles setting forth their general platforms and important ideas. These statements of policy would all be the same length and published in the same issue. This proposition would not violate your nonpartisan, nonpolitical ideals and would, at the same time, afford the isolated soldier something concrete to go on. I am afraid that many soldiers will not avail themselves of the opportunity to project their patriotism into the field of elections, on the grounds that they couldn't vote intelligently. . . .

China —Cpl. WILLIAM J. LEE Jr.

■ Good idea. YANK allows no civilians, not even Presidential candidates, to contribute articles to its pages, but perhaps it could make an exception in a case like this.

Medical Advice

Dear YANK:

The first paragraph of Sgt. Ray Duncan's story [in a February issue of YANK] concerning 275,000 ratings for the Infantry, in which he mentions an incident about taking two girls in a barroom away from two medical lieutenants, irked me. It's a good trick when it is done, but I do not appreciate the slam the sergeant throws at the Medical Corps. It's all well and good to scoff at the Medics while in garrison in the U. S. We admit there isn't too much work for us to do, but what happens when we move into combat? When you add up the score of heroic deeds and accomplishments of all branches of the service, I'll wager that the greatest number which will go unrecognized or unrewarded for their deeds of bravery will be in the Medics. In any case, the Medic would rather be carrying a rifle in there than fighting with a roller bandage. So, meager as my knowledge of the whole subject may be, I'm sure that the medical soldier has a damned good reason to walk with a swagger, and the Medics will not begrudge giving up two women to the Infantry any day in the week, if the Infantry is that hard up.

Camp Grant, Ill. —1st Lieutenant, Medical Corps

P. S.—But if the Medics give up a gal, soldier, I'd be rather wary myself.

Veterans' Organizations

Dear YANK:

In the letters that have been appearing in YANK concerning veterans' organizations, there is evidence of a type of thinking that should be on the way out, because it is the kind that had a great deal to do with this country's isolationist position in 1941. I am referring to those who say in general: "The American Legion has a record of pressure politics and narrow-minded patriotism, etc., and does not represent the principles I support, so I will not join." This is not new. Veterans of the last war stayed out of these groups for the same reasons, and like them today's isolationist veterans are taking a negative stand that will produce no positive good.

It is very important that the men who fight this war have an organization through which they can express themselves in the post-war world. Therefore, my feeling is not to stay out of the American Legion simply because it insists on having an annual three-day spree and goes tearing off in wild hue and cry now and then on flag-waving witch hunts. Whatever we think of the Legion, the organizational set-up is there now for what we want basically: a voice as ex-soldiers with concrete ideas about a better democracy. Rather than expend much energy creating a new organization, I suggest we use the effort to rebuild the old. It can be done because there is much good already in the old and because enough GIs who feel the same way will be trying for the same thing. Let's not pledge ourselves to a private isolationist program. It never works.

Canada —Pfc. DANIEL B. DOWNER

"Poor Taste—Poorer Courage"

Dear YANK:

The caption "Don't cry, little Kraut" [under a picture of a German prisoner in a March issue of YANK] hits rather low. It seems obvious the prisoner is grimacing with pain of a gunshot wound in the arm. It is poor taste—and poorer courage—to ridicule one who suffers. Let us trust your caption writer keeps a stiffer upper lip when he gets his—that is, if he gets any nearer the front than an editorial chair in New York City.

AAFOCS, Miami Beach, Fla. —O/C WILLIAM M. HALL

Gripes

Dear YANK:

In a recent issue of YANK there was an article called the "Life of a Yank in Newfoundland," which implied that we've struck a "home" here and that the GIs are doing nothing but having a good time. Actually we have outposts here where a man has no facilities whatever. Passes and good times are something we read about. Our nearest town is about five miles away and upon getting there we find nothing but fishing boats. We who have been here two years or more wish you would take into your confidences the privates who do the work instead of the higher-ups who show you the "easy things."

Newfoundland —N'f'ndl'd Privates

Dear YANK:

A short time ago in one of the issues of YANK I came upon an item which rather amused me. It stated that tobacco rations in this theater of war had been increased. The part that got me was the 21 (I repeat, 21) cigars each GI was allowed every week. . . . As it so happens I'm a great cigar smoker but in my year and a half overseas the only time I've been able to buy cigars is from the Navy. Our PX has had cigars a few times, but they were rationed to two per man per sale. Now when you get 10 boxes of cigars and there are 800 men all trying to get two they just don't go around. . . . My folks tell me they can't buy a box of cigars in the States as they are all going to the fighting men. Tell me who is getting them!

Bougainville —Sgt. ROBERT ROGERS*

*Also signed by Cpl. Elmer Wills and Pfcs. John L. Vitick, Emil Zalud and Hoyt C. Halford.

Message Center

Men asking for letters in this column are all overseas. Write them c/o Message Center, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. We'll forward your letters. The censor won't let us print the complete addresses.

R. JULES RAFF, last at APO 3674: write Pvt. Robert Walker. . . . RICHARD REIMAN, 103d Inf., Co. A, 43d Div.: write Pvt. Edward Muszynski. . . . Sgt. HARRY RESTUCCIS, once with 9th Tng. Gp., Jefferson Barracks, Mo.: write S. E. Constantino HA1c. . . . Pvt. WALTER C. RHETT, at Camp Livingston, La., Jan. '43: write Cpl. C. A. Primus. . . . Pfc. ARTHUR RICHARDSON of Kentucky, once in Dutch East Indies: write your cousin, Sgt. Cecil Richardson. . . . Pvt. JOSEPH ROBINSON, once with 990th Tech. Tng. Sq., AAFTC, Atlantic City, N. J.: write Pvt. John M. Uhler.

S. Pvt. JOSEPH P. SAVAGE JR., last heard of at 93d CTD, Spearfish, S. Dak.: write Cpl. Lionel Hartfiel. . . . WILLARD SEITZ & LELAND SCHMIDT of Cleveland, Ohio: write T-4 William George Davis. . . . WALTER E. SIEDNER, former co. clk. of 158th Inf., Co. G, later in OCS: write Pfc. Julian Sacks. . . . ED, TONY & YATES SMITH, once at Camp Croft, S. C.: write Pvt. "Dick" Woodburn. . . . Cpl. GEORGE SMITH, once in P. I., AAF: write Cpl. D. L. Elzroth. . . . Sgt. MILTON C. SMITH, once in 184th FA at Camp McCoy, Wis.: write Cpl. Charles L. Simms. . . . Cpl. A. SONNLEITNER: write Pvt. Bill Kane. . . . S/Sgt. FELIX J. STELMACK, once stationed at Boise, Idaho: write Cpl. Thomas Flannagan.

B. Sgt. HAROLD L. BERG, in Sig. Corps, SWPA: write your cousin, Lt. Harold F. Berg. . . . THOMAS BIGGERT Jr., USMC: write your cousin, Pfc. John W. Biggert. . . . Cpl. RAYMOND L. BROUSEAU, once with 2d Evac. Hosp.: write Pfc. Albert E. Proulx. . . . Sgt. JOE BRYANT, once in 323d MPEG Co., later with 377th MPEG Co., Florence, Ariz.: write Cpl. Donald Benson.

C. Pvt. ARTHUR CAPAROSO, at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., Nov. '42: write Cpl. E. J. Crann. . . . Lt. FRED CATES, at Schofield Barracks, T. H., '37-'42: write Sgt. B. H. Thompson. . . . Pvts. JOHN & PETE CAVOURES of Weirton, W. Va.: write Pvt. John Vardavas. . . . MAURICE W. (MULLIGAN) COE, Marine, of Owosso, Mich.: write Cpl. James P. (Jimmy) Brown. . . . Pvt. ED. CONCARR: write Cpl. George Ponnaselli. . . . HAROLD CROMWELL, once at a Navy Radar Maint. Sch.: write Carl La Verne Starkey. . . . Cpl. CHESTER CZEJKA, once at Avon Park, Fla.: write Sgt. Frank Kmiec.

SHOULDER PATCH EXCHANGE

A mimeographed list of shoulder-patch collectors' names will be sent on request. Write to *Shoulder Patch Exchange*, c/o YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

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National Gallery exhibits works of soldier artists

Last year the Army's Corps of Engineers sent several enlisted-men artists to foreign theaters of operations where U.S. troops were stationed to make a record of the war in oils, water color, charcoal and etchings. But after many of these GI artists had gone overseas and had started their work, Congress disapproved the project and they were transferred to other assignments. Last month in Washington, D. C., the National Gallery of Art exhibited paintings and drawings they have done since then in their spare time overseas. YANK reproduces here selections from the exhibit.

Sgt. Charles Shannon, now stationed at Fort Belvoir, was one of the artists sent to the South Pacific. His civilian work was exhibited at the Whitney Museum and the Golden Gate Exposition. He calls this painting "Cargo."

Sgt. Albert Gold, whose work has appeared often in YANK, is considered one of the war's outstanding artists. He painted this sleeping soldier in the Red Cross Aero Club at London.

Sgt. Mitchell Siporin was a well-known muralist in civilian life. He painted the frescoes in the foyer of the new St. Louis post office. Here is his impression of Pantelleria, after it was bombed by the Allies.

Sgt. Jack Levine did this portrait, which he calls "Soldier's Head," on Ascension Island, bleak air-route stop in the South Atlantic. His work has appeared in many important exhibitions.

Sgt. Sam Smith painted "Road to the Airport" somewhere in Africa. It shows a native boy traffic cop stopping an officer's jeep to keep the landing strip clear for an incoming plane. Smith's studies are small in size but large in quality.

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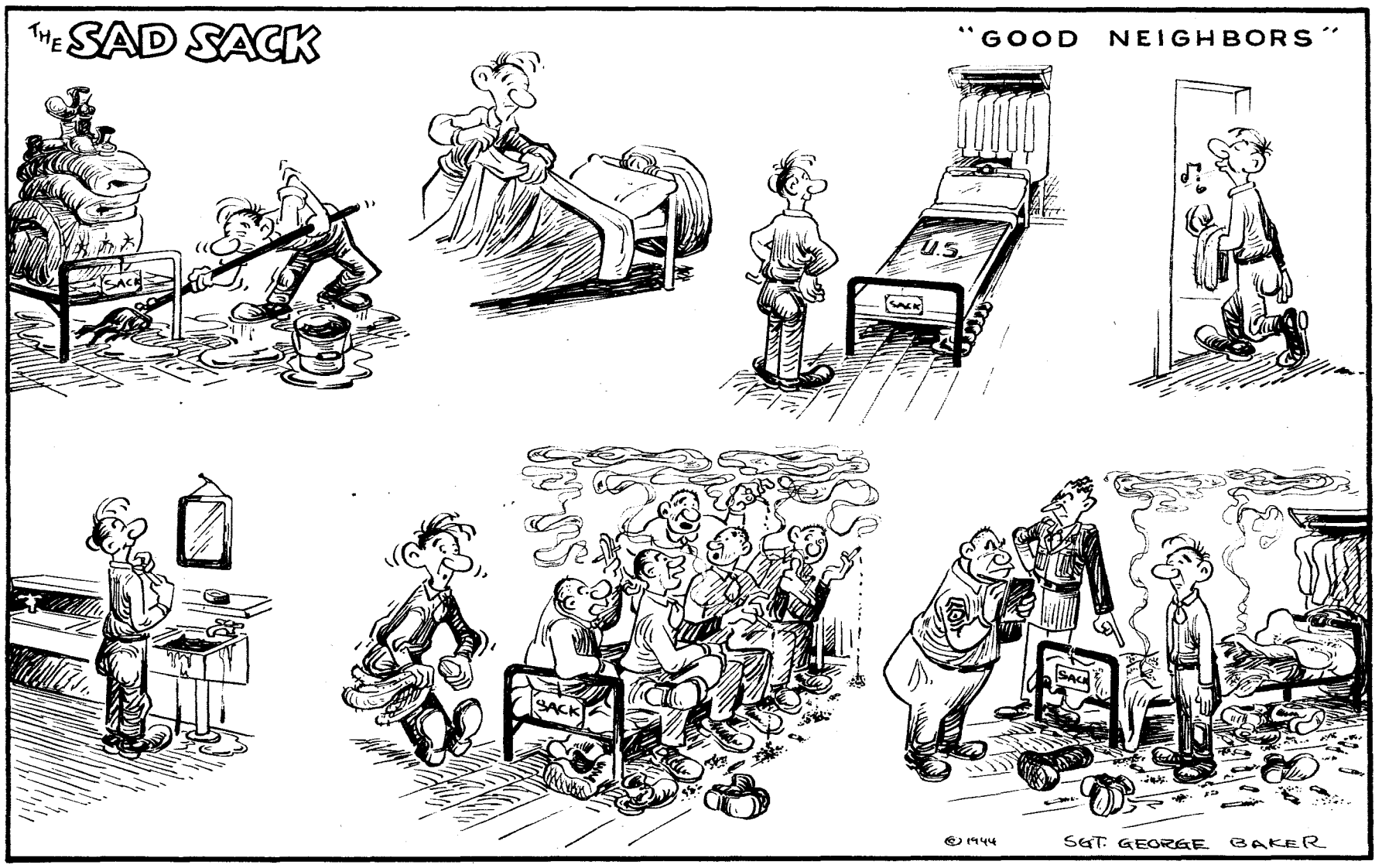


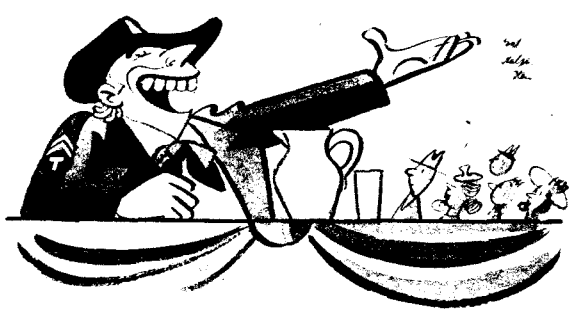
Running for Public Office

Dear YANK:

President Roosevelt recently released the Joint Army-Navy Agreement establishing the rules under which members of the armed services can secure political office. As I understand that announcement, officers only are to be permitted to run for office. No mention has apparently been made of enlisted men. Yet there are some EM who stand an excellent chance of getting into public office if the Army and Navy would let 'em seek election. The Government is certainly discriminating against GIs when, in effect, it decrees that only commissioned personnel are good enough to run for public office. What about it, YANK?

Panama —S/Sgt. F. A. PARIS

■ There is no discrimination. The Army and Navy have agreed that enlisted men, as well as officers, can become candidates for public office, but such candidacy must not interfere with the men's military duties. Nor can the candidates participate in any way in the campaign. If, however, one is elected President, Vice President, state governor, a member of Congress or of a state legislature or judge of a Federal or a state court of record (50 USC 305), he can be discharged or released from active duty for the purpose of assuming office.



Wives Overseas

Dear YANK:

This is my problem. I have been overseas now for two years, and I have fallen in love with a very nice girl. So I got married to her. She has been my wife for over a year, and I want her to go back to America with me after the war. Have any plans been made so I can take her home without her waiting many years for a special quota?

Liberia —Pfc. NORMAN JORDAN

■ In most cases, yes. Get *Immigration Form No. 633* from the nearest American consul or have your folks back home get one. Fill it out (it gives your wife a nonquota status), swear to its truthfulness before an officer designated by your CO and send it to your folks. Have them attach proof of your citizenship and the affidavits of two persons who know you can support your wife. All these papers must then be sent to the Commissioner of Immigration and Naturalization, Franklin Trust Building, Philadelphia, Pa. The State Dept. will notify you when permission has been granted your wife to enter the States. After that all she will have to wait for is transportation facilities.

What's Your Problem?

Softball

Dear YANK:

In our "Gripe Softball League" a player hit a "fair" ball down the third base line. The ball took a couple of hops before reaching the bag, then bounced partially over the bag (not touching it) and landed in foul territory. Our problem: Do the official softball rules call the above play a fair or foul ball?

New Guinea —Cpl. JOHN T. TAPLEY

■ Fair ball.

Dear YANK:

. . . Is the overhead wind-up in softball legal?

Britain —Sgt. J. L. JAQUINTA

■ The overhead wind-up is okay, but the motion must be followed with an underhand delivery.

Disability Retirement

Dear YANK:

Here's a six-striper who admits he doesn't know all the answers. I am about to be retired for disability and I would like to know if my retirement pay will be based on my present temporary grade of master sergeant or will I be retired at my permanent grade, which is, of course, considerably lower than master sergeant?

Iceland —M/Sgt. GEORGE DURYEA

■ According to *AR 35-2640, Par. 1 (2)*, your retirement pay will be 75 percent of the average pay you receive during your last six months in the Army. Thus, if you've been master sergeant for six months, you'll get three-fourths of the pay for that grade when you retire.

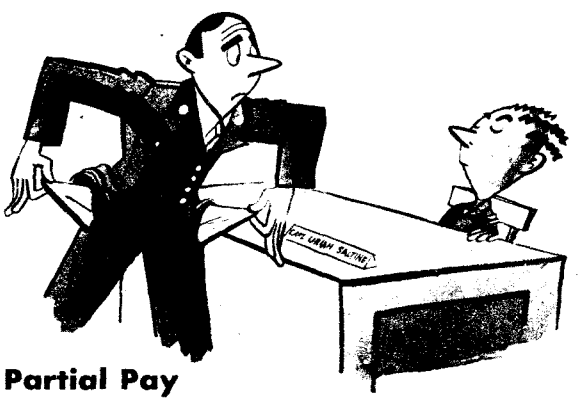
Fourragere

Dear YANK:

Some of the GIs I see are wearing that fancy shoulder cord on their blouses, and I've been told that any U. S. soldier who has fought in campaigns with French troops is entitled to wear one. Is that right?

Italy —Pvt. SYLVESTER WILLIAMS

■ You are referring to the *fourragere*, and the answer is no. It's a French Government decoration awarded some U. S. units for exceptional service in the first World War. GIs who are now in units so honored by the French may wear the *fourragere*, but no American unit has been authorized to wear it for service performed in this war.



Partial Pay

Dear YANK:

We have just completed a 28-day course at an Army Air Force Technical Training Command field. At other schools and bases we have received a partial pay before shipping. But on requesting it here, we were refused by the commanding officer on the grounds that partial pay is only paid in cases of emergency. Due to the fact that we had only a partial payment out of our last month's pay, we are now broke and face a three-day trip by rail without even meal tickets. Don't you think we should receive a partial pay before shipping, as there is no Army Emergency Relief officer at this field?

AAF, Mo. —Cpl. F. G. H.

■ On the basis of the facts outlined in your letter, you should be eligible for partial pay. Since partial pay is not restricted to cases of emergency, we suggest you see your CO again.

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Those Free-Spending Civilians

Most of us in the Army overseas have the impression that the civilians at home are spending all their money like water. We hear about former golf caddies and ex-sewing machine salesmen who are now making $75 and $90 a week in war plants and, as we sweat out another meal of C rations, we picture them in night clubs, putting away a big steak dinner, lighting up three-for-a-half-buck cigars and relaxing to watch the floor show. And tipping the hat-check girl a dollar on the way out.

But, like many of the pictures of back-home civilian life that are formed quickly and without much reason in the minds of envious GIs overseas, this one, fortunately, is not based on facts. In the first place, a war worker couldn't spend all his money on luxuries these days even if he wanted to. The cost of the bare necessities of life is too high and he is forced to kick back too much money to the government in income taxes, which are more severe right now than at any period in our country's history.

In the second place, we might not be so quick to accuse the average American civilian of splurging all his wartime earnings on purely personal pleasures if we realized how much money he is turning over to the government each week in exchange for War Bonds. We have heard in letters and newspapers from home about the recent big War Loan drives but not many of us have seen the figures that show how much actual cold cash the individual civilian has been pulling out of his pocket to put those drives over. The figures are damned terrific.

Take, for instance, "E" Bonds, which are the small-denomination bonds sold to the average working man, woman or child. During the Fourth War Loan Drive the average sale of "E" Bonds for every man, woman and child in the whole country was $24.56. The total sale of "E" Bonds during the drive was $3,187,000,000—the highest amount of money ever collected from private individuals during a similar period of time in war-financing history.

The District of Columbia alone averaged a sale of $41.62 in "E" Bonds for each person in its population during the drive. The state of Oregon came through with an "E" Bond sale of $37.52 for every one of its civilians in the same period. North Dakota was right behind Oregon with an average of $37.28 per person. Thirty-three other states averaged more than $20 in bond sales for each man, woman and child. The Territory of Alaska, which had the lowest number of sales—two million—still averaged $27.59 per person.

In fact, private individuals have put up more than 36½ billions of the more than 86 billions, 100 millions of dollars that have been subscribed in War Bonds since May 1, 1941. Monthly War Bond deductions from pay rolls in the U. S. now total 475 millions.

That's a lot of money and it is money given voluntarily. Some people frankly admit that they buy War Bonds for their investment value, to provide for future education of their children or to guard against post-war inflation. But most people, with sons, brothers and husbands in uniform, buy them for only one reason: to help shorten the war.

So, if you ask us, it doesn't seem as though all the money from the war plants is being spent in night clubs.

". . . And just who shall I say wants to see the Chaplain?"

STRICTLY G.I.

Army Information

THE WD says you can't release for publication any information about the Army, except for articles in "authorized military publications directly under Army control," without the okay of the WD Bureau of Public Relations. And that includes, according to *WD Circular 111-44*, "Letters to the Editor." However, you do not need official approval to write letters to your hometown paper on subjects which do not deal with military matters.

You cannot write newspaper or magazine articles, give radio talks, make stage or motion-picture appearances, or draw comics or cartoons, etc., "on a regular basis, for commercial enterprise, located within the continental United States" without the approval of the WD BPR.

Officer Appointments Overseas

Warrant officers and EM in noncombat jobs overseas "who have demonstrated outstanding qualifications" may now be appointed second lieutenants directly by their theater commanders. In general, says the WD, these appointments will be limited to those "of a command nature or those which require special technical or professional skills." To be eligible for appointment you must have served overseas at least six months and must meet the standards for OCS.

New K-Ration Cartons

As soon as the Army runs out of the old olive-drab K-ration cartons you're going to get your K rations packed in fancy new cartons with distinct color designs for each meal. The breakfast carton is printed in brown ink, the dinner carton in blue and the supper carton in green. The cartons themselves are made of the same grayish-tan cardboard, and what goes inside them will remain the same, too. Shown here are the three new K-ration cartons and the old olive-drab type.

Tell It to the Chaplain

Information given to an Army chaplain "as a matter of conscience or a formal act of religion"—in case you don't know it—cannot be used against you in court martial, court of inquiry or similar military legal proceedings. *WD Circular 108-44* says that a chaplain is privileged against revealing such information, unless he has been given permission to do so by the person concerned.

"With Great Regret"

More than 30,000 former Ground and Service Forces men who have been awaiting training as pilots, navigators and bombardiers are being released "with great regret" by the Army Air Forces and returned to their original services. Casualties in the air, it is explained, have been less than expected, while the general shortage of trained personnel throughout the Army "has made it necessary to utilize every available soldier . . . for pending operations."

Bulletin Board

AAF schools at Miami Beach, Fla., will be transferred to the San Antonio Cadet Center and Sheppard Field in Texas, says the WD. . . . The facilities of Fort Meade, S. Dak., are being transferred to the Veterans Administration for use in treating sick and wounded veterans. . . . In answer to numerous inquiries, the WD announces that in general "all medical, pre-medical, dental, pre-dental, veterinary and pre-veterinary . . . and a reduced number of advanced engineering and language trainees" will be continued in the curtailed ASTP program.

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●

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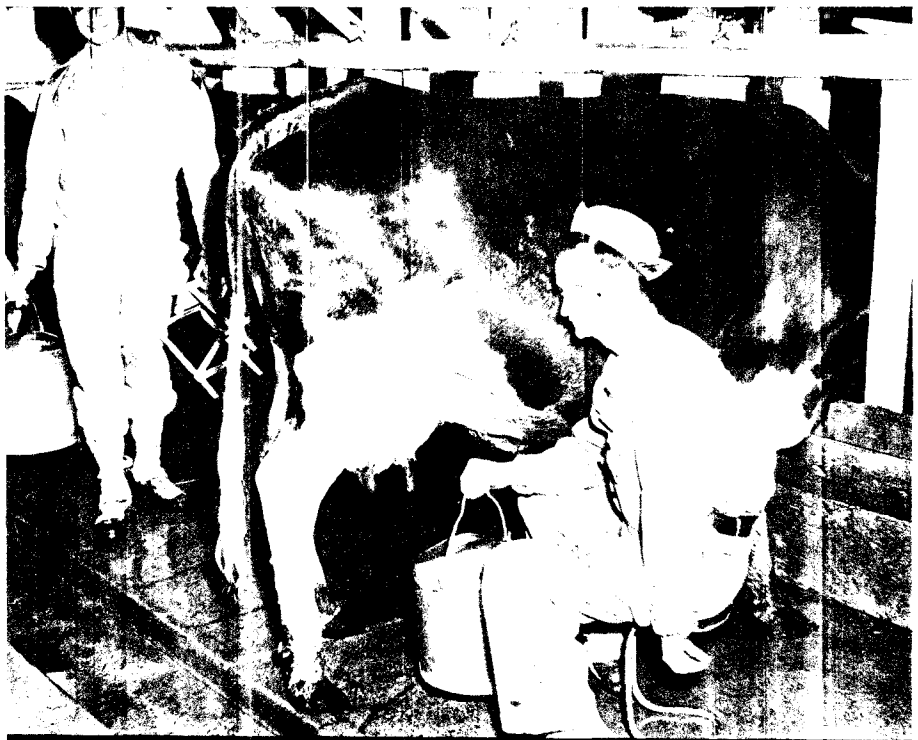
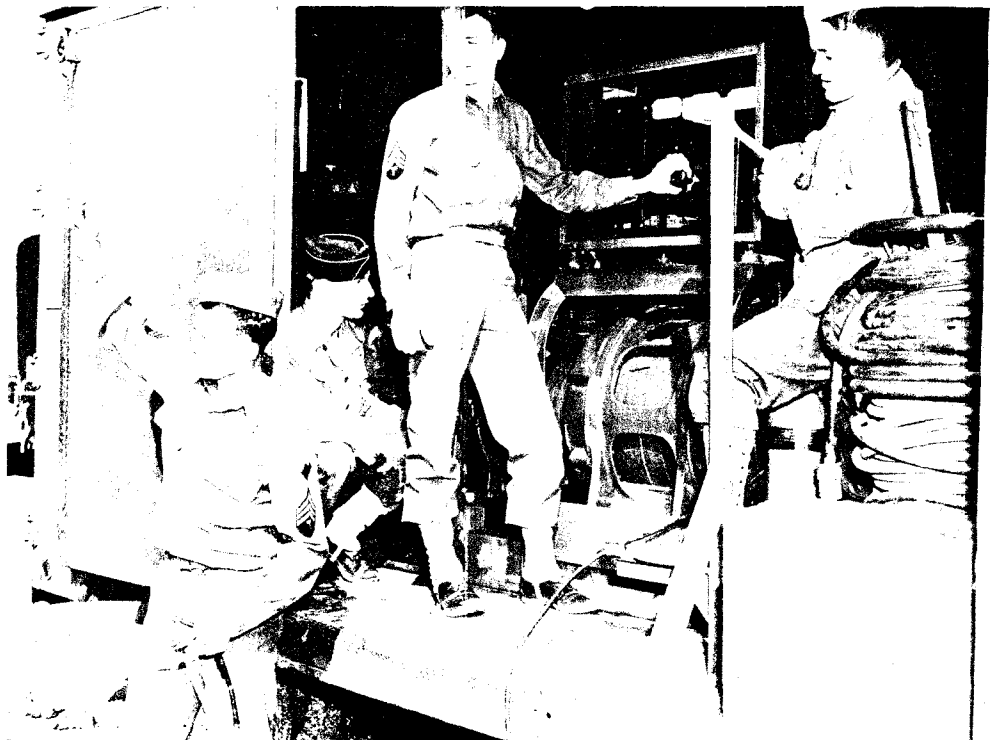


T-5 Elpidio Martinez (left) and T-4 James Tackett volunteered to milk some cows.



T-4 Douglas, Sgt. Chore, T-4 Cochran and T-4 Voss helped with an AA power plant.

Ack-Ack Batteries Aid Storm Victims

Reseda, Calif.—When the heaviest storm in 10 years hit this San Fernando Valley community with floods and power-line failure, farmers rushed a hurry call to the 37th AAA Brigade for help. Two units of this coastal-defense outfit responded to save dairy herds and a large hatchery and to evacuate civilians from the flood-inundated areas.

The two units that went on this special duty were Battery A and Battery C of the 245th Searchlight Battalion. Battery C supplied power for the dairies, the hatchery and other civilian enterprises serving the community, while Battery A concentrated for the most part on evacuation work.

Leaders of Battery C's units were 1st Sgt. William Blackwood, whose crew handled evacuation of civilians; T/Sgt. Franklin Fisher, who supervised the operation of eight small searchlight-power units, and T/Sgt. Stanley Obcamp, who headed the larger power-supply details. For 80 hours the battery's mobile power plants kept operating before the storm subsided.

When the call came from the Reseda farmers, Battery C was itself bogged down in the battery area with flood waters inundating the section. The first request for assistance was for men to help milk cows in two dairies whose milking machines were out of commission because of power failure. Nine men volunteered for this detail—T-4 James Tackett, T-4 John Mills, T-5 Elpidio Martinez, Pfc. Leo Robinson, Pfc. George Hill, Pfc. Albert Hoeg, Pvt. Alan Polipnick, Pvt. Albert Hanson and Pvt. George Weber.

Power was then taken to the Runnymeade Poultry Farm, one of the nation's largest hatcheries, which has a capacity of 40 million eggs and 3½ million chicks per year. About 600,000 eggs were in process of incubation, and it was estimated that at least a quarter of these were saved by the 37th's quick response. The rest had not progressed far enough to be affected.

Battery C's power plants got the ventilating and heating systems going in the hatchery, supplied power for a dry-cleaning plant and lights for its headquarters, Army barracks in the region, a church to which civilians had been evacuated and the Canoga Park USO.

Situated on higher ground, Battery A was on the edge of the flood center but made numerous evacuations of civilian population. Its mobile power units also supplied current for a dairy farm in Tarzana.

CAMP NEWS

Pfc. Louis A. Ables Jr. won his bet.

Sets Hike Record

Camp Howze, Tex.—Pfc. Louis A. Ables Jr., a 22-year-old messenger from Co. C, 140th Infantry Regiment, declared that he could cover the rough 25-mile course here in five hours or less. His buddies laughed and told him to put up or shut up. He put up—$10 and a fountain pen against $165 and personal goods. That's how sure his buddies were that he couldn't do it.

Ables, who stands 5 feet 6 inches and weighs 136 pounds, started out one morning in deep mud, immediately after two majors had examined his full field pack to make sure it contained all it should. He also carried a carbine, full canteen, knife, field harness and the handicap of a lack of conditioning. Men who had bet against him went along in relays to make sure he didn't take any short cuts.

They wore out successively before Ables did. At the 22-mile post, he commented: "It's getting warm," poured his canteen of water over his head and took off again. When he had a tenth of a mile yet to go he broke into a run and finished the remaining distance in slightly over a minute. It was 1,000 hours when he started and 1,457½ when he crossed the finish line. He had beaten the record of 5 hours and 12 minutes which, according to the *Army & Navy Register*, was held by a 19-year-old Indian in the 20th Armd. Div. Ables' time was 4 hours and 57½ minutes. And, best of all, he won his bet.

That evening Ables walked over to the Service Club, but he avoided the dance being held there. Instead he wrote a letter to his wife in Memphis, Tenn., telling her that now he had money so she and their 2-year-old son could join him here.

—Cpl. WALTER McDONALD

In a Word, One Syllable

Drew Field, Fla.—Is chop suey an American or Chinese dish? That was the big question in the interview with Pfc. Kwai Chu, cook for Kitchen 23 here. The Q-and-A went something like this:

Q. Come from Canton, China? *A.* Sure.
Q. You cook there? *A.* Sure.
Q. They make chop suey there? *A.* Sure.
Q. Chop suey just like here? *A.* Sure.
Q. You work as a cook in this country? *A.* Sure.
Q. They say that in China they don't know what chop suey is. That so? *A.* Sure.

—Pfc. ROBERT KLEIN

Gets Governor's Garters

Camp Edwards, Mass.—Pvt. Joseph H. Dumas of Hq. Co., 1114th SCU, couldn't find a decent pair of garters anywhere in town. He read a newspaper story that said Gov. Leverett Saltonstall of this state had received 50 pairs for Christmas. Dumas wrote the governor.

Recently the private received a box containing a pair of green garters and a letter from Saltonstall that said in part: "I understand that you are sorely in need of a pair of garters, and am therefore enclosing a pair that were sent to me. I hope they come in handy."

Speak Up Next Time, Bub

Camp Pickett, Va.—Pvt. William R. Dalrymple of the Medical Det., Sec. 1, walked into the Station Hospital dispensary, was handed a broom

LOCKSMITH GETS A LAUGH

Fort Sheridan, Ill.—Cpl. Ed Rockin was late getting back from a trip east as a prison guard. He called his outfit from Chicago and explained the delay. "I put the handcuffs on last night," he said, "to show my girl how they worked and couldn't get them off again."

The MPs in Chicago couldn't help him so he spent the night manacled. The next day a locksmith freed him.

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and told to sweep the place Then he was put to work with mop and pail to GI the floors. That was followed by a detail to help a doctor with a patient.

When he finished, Dalrymple returned to the clerk's desk and asked: "How about my physical examination now?"

"Physical examination?" the clerk said. "Aren't you the guy sent over to clean up the place?"

"Hell, no," said the tired private. "I merely came over to be examined, and someone put a broom in my hand."

Coast Guard Rebuilds Jeep

Short Beach CG Station, N. Y.—Demonstrated here with success recently was a converted jeep designed by CPO Charles D. Benjamin of this station. On the test run it carried 10 men over a sand-dune roller coaster at full speed while a regular Army jeep with four men wallowed in the sand and became stalled after 40 feet.

The carrier was rebuilt by Benjamin and his men from a regular Army jeep to meet the special problems of Coast Guard shore patrols. The chassis was cut in half and steel shafts were inserted to add three feet to the wheelbase. Seats for 10 men were installed, and specially designed wheels, whose construction is secret, were put

The 10-man jeep and the old one.

on. Fully loaded, the converted jeep tore across the beach at 60 miles an hour without sinking an inch in the deep sand and topped a 20-foot dune with ease.

Many of the new models are already on duty at CG stations. "We have calls for many more," Benjamin said. "We rebuild the jeeps right in our own Coast Guard garage. It takes only about a week to turn one out, but they could be done in mass production."

AROUND THE CAMPS

Minter Field, Calif.—Newly arrived aviation cadets were pleasantly surprised when neither bugle, bell nor whistle was used to end their early-morning slumbers. Reveille call came to them in the form of a Frank Sinatra recording. The song: "I Didn't Sleep a Wink Last Night."

Fort Sam Houston, Tex.—"Keep your eyes off the ground," barked T-5 Edward J. Travis while drilling members of Co. C, 732d Railway Operating Bn. "You won't fall in any holes." A few seconds later there came a dull thud, followed by a stream of profanity. Cpl. Travis had fallen in a hole.

AAF Redistribution Sta. No. 1, N. J.—When S/Sgt. John B. Zealor was returned in January 1943 from overseas service he was given a furlough and told to await orders. One day recently his mother received word from the WD telling her that it did not know where her son was. She replied that Sgt. Zealor was at home; he had been awaiting orders for 13 months and, she pointed out, he hadn't been paid for that time, either.

Lockbourne Army Air Base, Ohio—S/Sgt. Ed Witty has been in charge of the 374th Sq. day room for only a few weeks, but in that time he has worked hard to attain a home-like interior. Recently he felt that an extra touch was needed. He bought two canaries and is now trying to get them to sing.

Camp Beale, Calif.—Newest of the GI little-theater groups is the Sad Sack Theater Guild recently organized by Cpl. Martin Weiner of the SSO here. The Guild helps local outfits with their shows and has its own touring units for presentations in stations and outposts not covered by USO or other professional outfits.

Camp Chaffee, Ark.—Pvt. E. Anderson of the 395th Armd. FA Bn. was half asleep when he was detailed to get kindling and coal from an outside depot to fire his barracks furnace. After he returned, Anderson soon had a roaring fire going. Then he discovered that he had built the fire in the wrong barracks.

LEGEND EXPLAINS OFFICERS' INSIGNIA

AAF Tactical Center, Orlando, Fla.—Library research into the symbolism of shoulder hardware has brought to light an old but obscure Army legend to explain why a leaf is higher than a bar and an eagle higher than a leaf.

The legend has it that a lieutenant may assume an elevated position in the field to watch operations of his command. To do this, he climbs on the first bar of a fence and can see his company from there. Since a captain has more men to oversee, he climbs up to the top rail of the fence—two bars up.

A major needs an oak tree for a vantage point, the legend adds, while a lieutenant colonel seeks the higher reaches of a silver spruce. The colonel finds his perch up among the eagles, and general officers, the legend concludes, command so many men that they require stars for observation points.

OFF-DUTY FARMER. S/Sgt. John E. Bates, who is in charge of the range at Camp Claiborne, La., alternates listening to the rocket on the firing line and clucking chickens. Using his spare time, Sgt. Bates has raised 200 eight-weeks-old fryers.

VISITING ROYALTY. Even at a distance, Lena Horne's voice has made a lot of soldiers feel well but these air cadets at Tuskegee AAF, Ala., were lucky enough to see the face. Lena didn't learn to fly. A plane can take up just so many people.

KP NIGHTMARE. This is what came out of a series of terrible nights suffered by Sgt. Charles Royer, Chico Army Air Field, Calif. When he took the picture his camera saw what he saw. No man ever fell inside that pot and lived to tell the tale.

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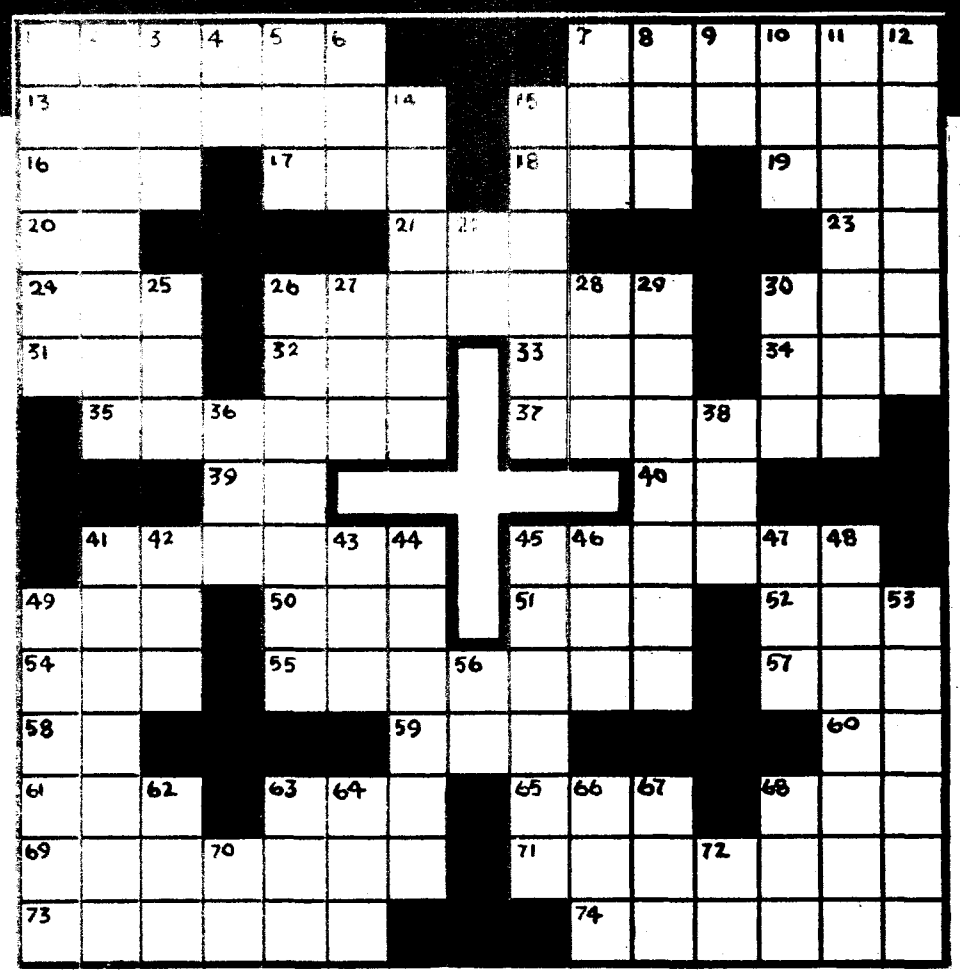
YANK CROSSWORD PUZZLE



ACROSS

1. Not these
7. Supposes
13. Hindu wise guys
15. Introduction
16. Finish
17. Stain
18. Down chow
19. Can (British)
20. Turned in
21. Girl's nickname
23. A five striper
24. Superlative suffix
26. Corps whose insignia is the caduceus
30. Match ending in a draw
31. Inlet
32. Exist
33. Diamonds (slang)
34. Brick and mortar carrier
35. Show up
37. Meatless days
39. Indefinite article
40. Mythological maiden
41. Ceremonial formation of troops
45. Skull saw
49. Buddy
50. Follow relentlessly
51. Pale
52. The kick comes after
54. He's chevron status
55. Mental
57. Put one in reverse
58. Road
59. Long time
60. Cent
61. Man's nickname
63. Wager
65. Mixed up gag
68. Snake; also scarf
69. Error chasers
71. Bows low
73. Texas mounted policeman
74. Noisy dive

DOWN

1. Can cracker
2. Country in North Africa
3. Not quite a full hand
4. Man's nickname
5. What we're getting of the Japs in the Pacific
6. Pen
7. Ancient English money
8. Teacher's favorite
9. Not (prefix)
10. Squirrel food
11. Form of publication
12. Became aware of
14. Transmitter
15. Writing implement
22. Three-toed sloth
25. Rap lightly
26. Grecian nymphs
27. Epoch
28. Two-man aviator
29. Merciful
30. Definite article
36. Established monetary value
38. Summit
41. Nosey gal (Greek myth.)
42. Brother to beer
43. Female deer
44. Long-plumed herons
45. Speaks with a sharp nasal tone
46. Hurried
47. Consumed
48. The lower animals with stripes
49. O. Henry's real name
53. Potassium carbonate
56. Verbal orders
62. Male
63. Busy insect
64. Make a mistake
66. American petrol
67. High mountain
68. Sheep talk
70. Surgeon General
72. The man with the brown derby

TEE-TOTAL

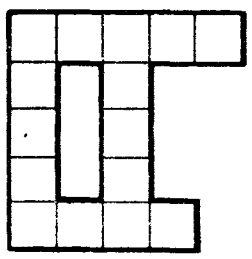
KITS containing puzzles of various kinds go to the men submitting the highest scores for this puzzle.

Fill in the diagram below with four English words. Don't use names of persons or places. Check with the table of letter values and add up the number values of the *15 letters* you have used, *counting each of the 15 letters only once.* The example worked out here at the right adds up to 184, which is a pretty low score.

In case of a dispute about words, judges will use Webster's Collegiate Dictionary as final authority.

LETTER VALUES

A	5	N	9
B	17	O	2
C	10	P	12
D	16	Q	7
E	6	R	11
F	15	S	8
G	18	T	1
H	22	U	26
I	4	V	23
J	24	W	21
K	25	X	19
L	13	Y	3
M	14	Z	20



Score..... Submitted by:

.....

.....

.....

Mail to Puzzle Editor, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., within two weeks of the date of this issue if you are in the U. S., within *eight* weeks if you are outside the U. S. Winners in U. S. will be listed on this page in the June 2 issue.

GOLF LOG

THIS game scores like golf—lowest score wins. The idea is to change one word to another with the fewest strokes. At each stroke *one* letter is changed to form a complete new word. Example: Change BOY to MAN in three strokes. BOY. 1. BAY. 2. BAN. 3. MAN.

Now see how quickly WOLF makes GIRL. Par is five strokes.

WOLF

1.

2.

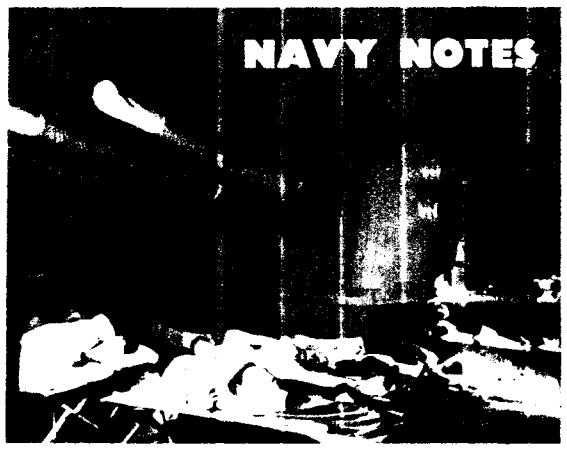
3.

4.

5. GIRL

SOMEBODY just dared us to try and explain that pose of Gale Robbins at the left. Well, you see Gale used to model bathing suits and hosiery before she went to Hollywood. Naturally she got tired of wearing such things even though she still retained her ability to fill them satisfactorily. So for this picture she did without stockings and put on that so-and-see. And there you are—or better, there she is. She's also in 20th Century-Fox's movie "Sweet and Lowdown."

NAVY NOTES



Sailors snore under guns of a light cruiser moving through a warm, starry night on shake-down cruise.

UNAUTHORIZED RIBBONS. The Navy Department, unhappy at the sight of so many jumpers overloaded with service ribbons, firmly states that only four service ribbons have been authorized for the great majority of sailors during this war: the three area ribbons and the pre-Pearl Harbor ribbon. Some sailors who never got any further than Great Lakes are sporting fruit salad like the Navy Expeditionary ribbon, authorized only for Wake Island, the Merchant Marine ribbons, which should be worn only by sailors who won them in previous Merchant Marine service, the Naval Reserve ribbon, earned by 10 years in the Reserves, and various phony ribbons for "antisubmarine and convoy service."

NEW JAP UNIFORM. The Jap Navy will soon blossom out in new brown uniforms, possibly to match the taste in its mouth. The outfit will consist of a khaki shirt with four gold-colored buttons and no necktie, full-length trousers and a cap much the same as the soft, small-peaked field cap worn by the Jap Army. It will be worn by all hands, from the skipper to the deck gang. Other Jap uniforms include full dress, formal dress, ordinary formal dress and military uniform.

BRITISH FLAT-TOPS. In a transfer reminiscent of the 50-destroyer swap before the war, the U. S. has lease-lent 38 "Baby Flat Tops" to Britain. The carriers, which will be returned to us after the war if we want them, are in addition to nearly 50 we already have in service. They were given to the British without planes. While in our yards the ships were named for bays, but the British have renamed them in a more haphazard, but more interesting, manner. Here are how some of the names stack up, with the U. S. titles in parentheses:

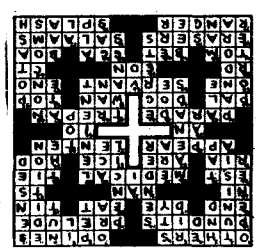
Trouncer (Perdito), Queen (St. Andrews), Ruler (St. George), Puncher (Willapa), Reaper (Winjah), Slinger (Chatham), Rajah, (McClure), Emperor (Pybus), Empress (Carnegie.)

DREDGINGS. Approximately 12 Navy ships are commissioned daily. This does not include harbor vessels or small amphibious craft. . . . Naval Air Transport Service is logging 320,000 miles a week. . . . A total of 20 U. S. subs have been lost. . . . Tokyo radio claims a new Hawker *Typhoon* with a 24-cylinder engine is operating in the Southwest Pacific. . . . The Navy has authorized a total of 26 stars for participation in various campaigns and engagements. . . . Three types of discharge certificates are now being given by the Navy. They are "Honorable Discharge," "Discharge Under Honorable Conditions" and "Unfavorable Discharge." Men who have been given old style "satisfactory" certificates can have them changed to "Under Honorable Conditions" types. . . . Seabees at Dutch Harbor, Alaska, are being taught how to ski and snowshoe. . . . One out of every 115 men in the Navy is named Smith.

CORONADOS. The Navy has announced that the 33-ton Consolidated-Vultee PB-2Y-2 four-engined Coronados, once called the Navy's most powerful bombers, have been converted to transport planes. They'll be able to carry up to 44 passengers, or 24 passengers and 8,000 pounds.

—ROBERT L. SCHWARTZ Y2c

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS



CROSSWORD PUZZLE →

GOLF LOG. WOLF. 1. COLF. 2. COLD. 3. GILD. 4. GIRD. 5. GIRL.

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PX

★ This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons, poems and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. If your contribution misses the mark, you will receive YANK's special de luxe rejection slip to inspire you to new efforts.

THIS GI IS ZI

I feel constrained to offer a timid apology
For the accident of luck, classification or biology
That placed me in an office or a laboratory
Instead of what war correspondents, poets and
generals refer to as the field of honor (or
glory).

Every time I go on pass or furlough, somebody's
mother or sister or some 4-F Charlie or
thrice-deferred draft-board darling asks
me, "How come?
Jimmie's in India, and Laurie in England, Oscar
in Africa, and Henry in Iran.
What's the lowdown, chum?
Are you dating the colonel's daughter, or are
you just a personal friend of the Old Man?"

Well, the fact is, I was born under a lucky star:
so I was prepared for war's advent.
I was fortunate enough to lose three fingers in
a shooting accident,
Or a slingshot put out my eye in boyhood, or I
have healed minimal tuberculosis, or
broken a kneecap in a football game,
Or infantile paralysis left me partially but in-
curably lame.
So this GI
Is ZI.

Camp Shelby, Miss. —S/Sgt. GRANT A. SANDERS

That'll Be the Day!

MAYBE I'm a softy, maybe I'm a henpeck, or maybe I've done more KP than Pfc. Martin Weldon. Some time ago, on this page, he urged all men to ready an offensive against the little women who would send their husbands back to the post-war kitchen.

Clever boy, this Weldon. He has caught you with your britches half-mast, because he has been able to put your angry thoughts into certain stinging words. He tells you that KP at home will be a terrible drudge, and that you must never permit your wives the luxury of saying: "Darling, hop your hide into the kitchen, pretend you're in the Army and do the dishes."

Gents, let me present the other side of this debate. Let me present the gentle side. Then judge for yourselves.

We set the stage the same as Weldon does. The guests have gone, and you and she sink into a couple of comfortable chairs and agree it was a swell party. You're both tired as hell, and then she gives out with that line about KP.

For a brief second the old rebellion spurts through your guts. Then you look across the room at her. She's all you dreamed she was those bleak nights when you almost bawled yourself to sleep in some barracks. And the night when you walked guard in the rain and she shared your misery. There she sits, now, in all of her soft, civilian glory, and you're with her at last. You think, for a brief second, of the million times you kissed her soft throat in your dreams and of the ache you carried. And now in your own home, she is asking you to do the dishes.

Brother, you grab a quick kiss and scram for the kitchen. Your own kitchen. And hers.

When she comes into the kitchen, she's got her housecoat on and those red bedroom slippers. She pecks at your cheek and grabs a towel. Brother, you're in heaven and you're doing the best damn KP in the whole world.

And you'll do it forever, as long as she asks you. Won t you?

Atlanta, Ga. —Pvt. JACQUES C. TAYLOR

"Where do you think you are—in college?"
—Cpl. Louis L. Lenhardt, Fort Knox, Ky.

IRISH NEUTRALITY

I'm gullible, trusting, extremely naive,
And yet I simply cannot believe
What nature disproves and history belies;
It isn't the way or the likes of those guys
To sit calmly by and a battle to scorn.
A neutral Irishman has yet to be born.

Herbert Smart Airport, Ga. —Cpl. NATHANIEL ROGOVOY

ON BEING SINGLE

I am no longer able
To gaze at Betty Grable,
Both Hedy and Miss Lake evoke a groan.
For when this war is over
And others roll in clover
Here's one GI who *still* will sleep alone.

Chanute Field, Ill. —Cpl. DAVID TROUP

Superman and the Army

WITH bankers in banks, with children in the streets, with housewives, cops and undertakers, even with generals, the most vital question today is: "Where is Superman?" "If only Superman would come and end this war." "If only he would join the Army, the war would be over in no time."

Poor, dear, innocent people. They must never know. Never.

I was standing in line, the first line in my military career. It was at Fort Dix near New York City. I got to talking to this guy in front of me—a nice guy. He said his name was Clark Kent. He looked sort of fat, wore glasses and had nice curly hair. He had, to put it mildly, a strange taste in clothes. He wore a blue cape draped over his shoulders and under his clothes, as we later discovered when we stripped in the dressing room, he wore long red underwear. Some of the other guys slapped their wrists when they piped the red long Johns. In the raw he looked kind of big in the biceps. Glands most likely.

We got talking with Kent. You know how it is, sweating out a line; you talk to anyone who'll listen. He told me he was a newspaperman. Worked on a rag called the *Globe*. Told me all about his girl Lois. She sounded like a dope to me, but I didn't say anything. He had damn good eyesight. In fact, he could read even the watermark on the eye chart. He was put in 1-A. I didn't do so good, either. I was put in 1-A, too.

I don't have to tell you what the next few days were like. We learned to police grounds, tear cigarettes GI style and eat bologna.

When we filed in for our IQs, it was around midnight. Kent sat next to me. We got the signal to start, and I just about finished wetting the pencil with my tongue when this guy leaned back in his chair and said, "Finished."

They wanted to court-martial him right there for cheating, but they gave him the benefit of the doubt and marked him 110.

Next morning bright and early we marched in to be classified. Then it all came out: It seems this guy was *Superman*.

"Never mind your nicknames," said the interviewer. "What's your real name? Clark Kent, huh? Whatcha do as a civilian? Newspaper, huh? Can you type?"

"Listen," said Kent, "I volunteered for the Infantry. Look." And quick as a flash, in fact quicker, he was down to his red underwear. He picked up the building we were in and flew all over the state, pointing out all the spots of interest.

"Or maybe," panted Kent, "I could get in the Armored Command, as a tank. Look." And he went zooming down the road through woods, knocking down trees and plowing through barns and latrines. Then he stood in the middle of the rifle range, bullets bouncing off him like ping-pong balls, and did a fancy bow.

The interviewer looked bored. "Got any hobbies."

"I'm a crime buster."

"Reads *Detective Stories*," wrote the interviewer.

"Listen," said Kent, a wild gleam in his eye, "maybe I could be a fighter plane. Think of the money you'd save. I'd be both plane and pilot." And up he went into the air. Looped, rolled, what have you. And fast. He grabbed a passing P-38 and pulled it backward. "Well how's that?" asked Superman when he came back.

The interviewer took a drag on his cigarette and looked unhappy. "Listen, wise guy," he said. "We don't like rookies coming in here and telling us how to run things. We have plenty of good fighting men, our equipment is the best, but we don't have enough clerks. So that's what you're gonna be."

"Have a heart," pleaded Superman. "Make me an MP, anything, but gimme action."

"Next," yelled the interviewer.

That was a long time ago. The other day I got a letter from Kent. He's working at Camp Dix with a chaplain. He runs a mimeograph machine, turns out a daily sheet about the post chapels and he's sweating out pfc.

Damn nice guy.

Britain —Pfc. HAROLD D. SCHWARTZ

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"We'll lick the tar out of the Giants," Rickey warns.

SPORTS: TAKE TO THE HILLS, MEN! GIANTS, DODGERS FEUDING

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

THE other night, I and Speedy were sitting in the lobby of Bear Mountain Inn, where we are training this spring, conversing very quiet like and spending no money, when Mr. Rickey comes up to us screaming like somebody had just kidnaped the Brooklyn franchise.

"Did either one of you read this story?" Mr. Rickey ast us. "Did you read what Horace Stoneham of the Giants said about us?"

I'm telling you, I and Speedy ain't never seen Mr. Rickey so mad since Bobo Newsom started that revelation before the Pittsburgh game last year.

We told Mr. Rickey that we hadn't seen the afternoon newspapers on account of nobody gets to see the papers any more since this new bunch of kids joined the club. By the time they get through fighting over the funny sheets and cutting out stories and pictures about theirselves, there's nothing left to read but war news and we hear that over the radio anyhow.

So Mr. Rickey read us what Stoneham said about us Dodgers, which follows:

"What has Branch Rickey got cluttering up that Brooklyn camp but a bunch of untried kids who haven't even learned how to put on a uniform yet? Why, we have 20 men who are either over-age, rejected or discharged from military service, and 13 of them have seen big-league action. If all we had to do to win the pennant was to beat Brooklyn, I wish we could play them every day."

"That," says Speedy, "is sure popping off."

"You bet it is," Mr. Rickey answered right back. "And let me warn Stoneham he'll see some of those boys out on the ball field before the season is out—and he isn't going to like looking at them, not one bit.

"I'll say right now, that if the Giants lose Mel Ott and he's 1-A, we'll take a bunch of players from this camp who have never worn a major-league uniform and lick the tar out of them."

Speedy busted in at this point to ast Mr. Rickey if he wouldn't like to have Stretch Schultz, our bean-pole first baseman who came up from St. Paul late last year, in this children's line-up. Mr. Rickey allowed as he would, since Stretch is a good experienced player even for a kid.

"It seems to me," Mr. Rickey continued, "Stoneham has enough to do to worry about his own club. How is he going to explain that slide into last place behind the Phillies, headed by Bill Cox?

"I have been looking around at the rest of the league—at the Cardinals and their strong reserves, at the Cubs and their strong roster, at the Reds and at Frankie Frisch and a fine bunch of Pittsburgh youngsters — but the Giants? I haven't even given them a thought."

Mr. Rickey was getting so mad I thought his ticker would explode any minute but luckily Leo Durocher ankled up and started talking as usual.

"The Giants? What's all the shooting about the Giants? They don't mean any more to me than any other club. I like to beat 'em all."

Now, I and Speedy have been kicking around with the Dodgers long enough to spot a feud with the Jints a mile off. And we think this one is going to be really good. Maybe as good as the last one we had with the Jints. That was back in 1934 when Bill Terry popped off and ast if we was still in the league and we turned right around and knocked the Jints out of the pennant.

Well, you know the Dodger fans. They burned all season. But they forget everything those last two days of the year when we licked Terry twice. They came over the bridge to the Polo Grounds whoopin' it up. They had horns and bells and there was signs all over reading: "We're still in the league, Terry," "Hooray for the Cardinals" and I swear I saw one which said: "To Hell with Terry."

Casey Stengel, our manager, didn't say much in the clubhouse before the game, but we all knew he wanted to win this one mighty bad, because the Cards and Jints were tied. Finally, when the meeting was over he clapped his hands like you've seen him do and yelled:

"All right, we're still in the league . . . but let's not be too still."

I guess you know without me telling that we didn't run the bases like President Taft that afternoon. We beat the Jints, 5-1, with Mungo whiffing Jackson, Watkins and O'Doul in the ninth with two on.

After the game Casey met Terry going out of the park. The Cards had won and were in first place. "I didn't figure I'd better come in to say anything," Casey told Terry, and I guess old Bill was plenty sore, because he answered: "If you had you'd of been thrown out on your ear."

Then Casey said, soft-like: "Maybe, Bill, but I'm pretty good at that myself. I'd taken a piece of your hide with me. Damn if I wouldn't."

Knowing Casey as I do, he would have, too.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

IF the Japs are supposed to be so skilled at Judo, how do you account for the fact that an American Judo team won 20 of 29 matches while touring Japan in 1935? Or the fact that the Japs hired an American, **Roy H. Moore**, now a Seabee CPO, to coach their 1932 Olympic team? . . . **M/Sgt. Hugh Mulcahy**, the ex-Philly pitching ace, now stationed at the Second Army Hq. in Memphis, has turned author and has his first piece in the current issue of *True* magazine. . . . **Sgt. Dutch Harrison**, who took top money in the recent $10,000 Charlotte Open, is the first GI ever to win a major golf tournament. His army job is to keep the Service Club commissary stocked at BTC No. 10 in Greensboro, N. C. . . . **Pfc. Pat (Hit 'Em) Harder**, Wisconsin's great fullback, has passed his aviation cadet exams and reports to Flight Preparatory School at Penn. . . . Aside to **S/Sgt. Joe Louis:** The Germans are really gunning for your heavyweight title. The other night a commentator on a Berlin station said: "You can take it from me that the only thing on this terrestrial globe that Germany wants to dominate is the world's heavyweight boxing championship." . . . **Capt. Ollie Cordill**, former all-Southwest Conference halfback at Rice, who was seriously injured in a plane crash after 14 bombing missions over Sicily, Cape Bon and Sardinia, has turned down a CDD and will fly for the 50th Ferrying Group in Dallas, Tex.

Missing in action: **Capt. Jim Kisselburgh**, AAF, Oregon State's All-American fullback in 1939, in the European theater. . . . *Decorated:* **Lt. Joe Burk**, world's amateur sculling champion, with Navy Cross for destroying enemy barges while commanding a PT boat in the Southwest Pacific. . . . *Promoted:* Marine **Sgt. Tommy Loughran**, one-time light heavyweight champion, to staff sergeant at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. . . . *Discharged:* **Pfc. Johnny (Presto) Podesto** of Modesto (also St. Mary's and College of Pacific passing star) from the Marines with a CDD.

Inducted: **Lon Warneke**, veteran Chicub pitcher, into the Army; **Jim Bagby**, 17-game winner for Cleveland, into the Maritime Service; **Harry Clark**, Chicago Bear halfback, into the Navy; **Tommy Holmes**, Boston Braves outfielder, into the Army. . . . *Rejected:* **Teddy Yarosz**, ex-middleweight champion, because of trick knee; **Phil Weintraub**, New York Giant first baseman, because of loose particles in left elbow.

NEW RACKET. Pvt. Bob Falkenburg, national junior tennis champion and brother of you-know-who, examines a sub-machine gun at Sheppard Field, Tex., where he's busy taking basic training.

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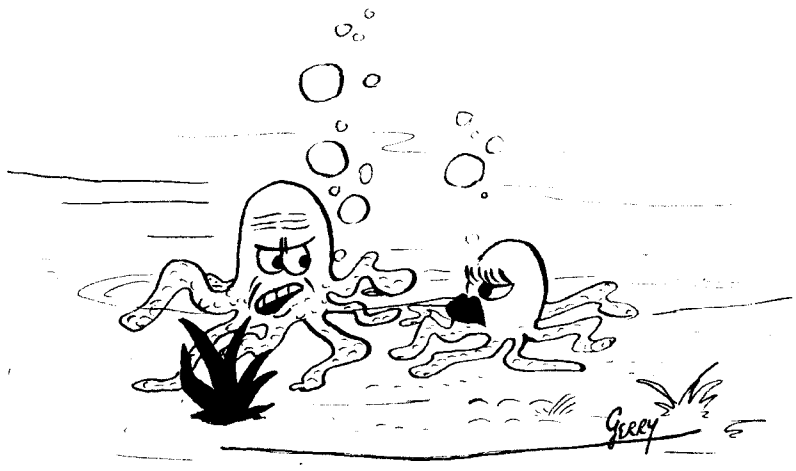

"DO THIS, DO THAT! DO THIS, DO THAT! GOOD LORD, WOMAN, I'VE ONLY GOT EIGHT HANDS!"
—A/S Gerry Turner

"AND NOW, BECAUSE OUR 'HERO OF THE WEEK' HASN'T SEEN HIS WIFE FOR OVER TWO YEARS, WE'VE ARRANGED A REAL SURPRISE FOR HIM."
—Cpl. Art Gates

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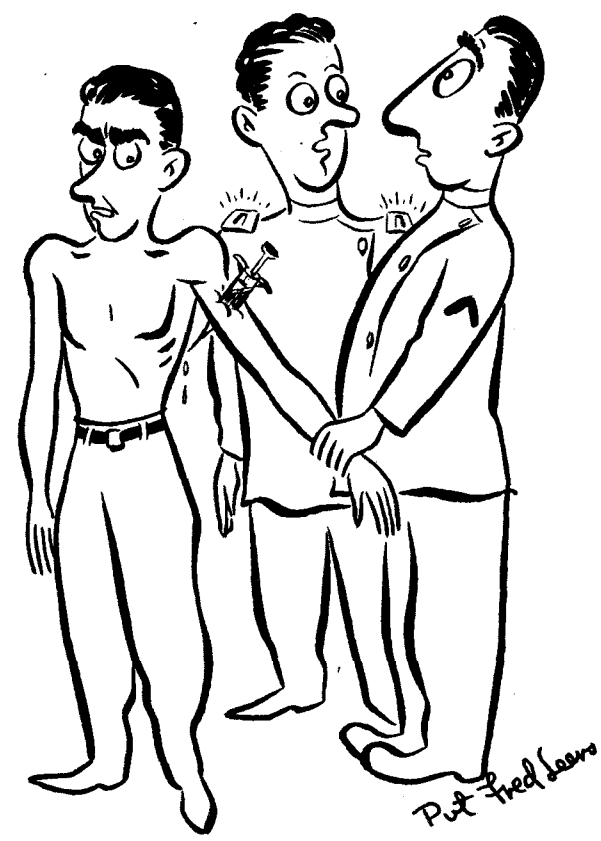
"ANYTHING HAPPEN WHILE I WAS OUT, SERGEANT?"
—Cpl. Ozzie St. George



"NO, NO, CRUTHERS! JUST THE NEEDLE PART!"
—Pvt. Fred Leers

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